

Hon. Wm. F. Cody Again! "LOST LULU; or, The Prairie Cavalier." Next Week!

# NEW YORK Sunday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 425

ISLAM.  
BY T. C. HARBAUGH.  
  
The sun is sinking, Islam; fast  
About thee falls the night;  
Thy horoscope hath long been cast.  
The hand that leaves thee but thy Past,  
Appeared now in sight.  
  
Like vultures to a carrion feast  
Wast thou destined to come,  
As fierce as yonder stony blast,  
In the jungles of the East,  
Is tyrant of his home.  
  
No longer stony thy turbanned hordes,  
The tide of Northern war;  
The prestige of thy potent word,  
The red gleams of Mohammed's sword  
Sink with the sinking star!  
  
On Stamboul's minarets shall fall  
The ruin of decay;  
The lonely hero soon may call  
Her truant brood from crumbled wall  
Through the twilight gray.  
  
Ah! thou shalt never rise again!  
Thy day is past;  
Thy magazine and thy "allah" vain!  
How fast thy haughty crescents wane  
Before the Russian bear!  
  
Forsaken, thou canst chew the husk,  
This is thy day of woe;  
A shadow falls upon the mosque,  
And in the chambers of Kiosk  
The footstep of the foe!  
  
Where is thy greatness, Islam—where?  
Hast thou of it been born?  
The wolves of Europe never spare;  
They will not let them seek to tear  
As Poland's nose were torn.  
  
In darkness fades thy latest day;  
The beard is in the dust;  
Kingdoms and rulers pass away,  
And we, as gazing at these, say  
That Deity is just!



Elise lifted her tear-filled eyes and asked, piteously, "Alan, do you not love me?"

The Pretty Puritan:  
OR,  
The Mystery of the Torn Envelope.

BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE BEGINS TO SICKEN AND DECAY."

The second floor of a quiet little house in Philadelphia, consisted of a suit of rooms handsome as costly and tasteful appointments could make them. The parlor, the elegant boudoir and the private bath-room, were marvels of elegance compared with the old-fashioned and Quakerish simplicity which marked the other apartments of the house. But then there was no connection between the different suits of rooms than between their occupants.

Mrs. Smith, a precise old Quaker widow, and her elderly, precise maiden daughter, owned the house, and to eke out their small income had leased their second floor to a young married couple—a shy little flower-fair woman and a bold, dark-eyed, handsome man.

After these people had lived a year within this quiet dwelling, Miss Smith remarked to her mother that she regretted that they had given a two-years' lease to the parties.

"Why, 'Becca'" the old lady asked, placidly. "They have ever paid us the rent promptly, and thou, thyself, sayest what a gentle little woman is Mrs. Torrence; and the man is mostly away; and I am sure the least has never complained of the winter from the hotel made dirt upon the stairs, where she brings the home."

"No, it's not the dirt, mother, nor any trouble. It is that the husband is so seldom here. But I can think there must be something wrong about him."

"Nay, nay, 'Becca, thou shouldst not think evil of thy neighbors."

"But it's hard not to, mother; and Mrs. Torrence mopes and grieves so when he is away, and he is now oftener and longer away. I declare I would like to know more about them."

"Seek not to know others' affairs, until they need thy help, my daughter. The little woman told me this morning, when I met her upon the stairs and she stopped to ask after my health, that she expected her husband home to-night."

"Home." Pale-tinted walls with gilded cornices, pale moquette carpets, trailed over with garlands of flowers as delicately blue and as faintly pink as forget-me-nots, with wavy arbutus, pale silken hangings of the inner bays of a sea-shell, and the color of turquoise, satin furniture to match in gilded framework, frosty laces, and dainty pictures, and gleaming statuettes, garnished these rooms called—"home." But if "home" is where the heart is, "those rooms were growing less and less a home to Alan Torrence and Elise."

The girl's heart was always with Alan; and he was now, as Miss Smith had remarked, often and long away from her; for his affection for her was already growing cold.

A man professedly irreligious and unscrupulously worldly, accustomed to denying himself no caprice that promised him passing gratification, Alan Torrence had indulged to the full his fast love for the pretty little Puritan. He had bound Elise to himself with a tie that she was powerless to break, only to keep her in seclusion, while he lived another life, quite apart from hers, daring not to betray their alliance to the world.

A great poet has written:

"Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing."

And again:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
Tis woman's whole existence."

And Elise was rapidly verifying these truths in her personal experience. She loved Alan Torrence with all the intensity and utter self-abandonment of a morbid, girlish nature like hers, fettered by no other strong tie of affection, and sustained by no fixed principles nor fervent faith; and this love, having one only object, and constituting the entire depth and circumference of her existence, was capable of

suffering the most exquisite torture through the every outlet and inlet of its life.

From the first, she had unquestioningly submitted to Alan. He had said that in his own time—and as soon as practicable—he would introduce her among his friends as his wife. She, herself, could see that it would be impossible for her ever to let her secret out, and her friends she had deserted and deceived; but in the gay social circles of New York she should one day be the brightest star, though for the present they must live in strictest seclusion, and she must have no *confidante*, no correspondence, no friend, no acquaintance, when he had garnered this girl's love out through it to render her life a horrible torture.

June had come, and a bright sweet day, and it was to bring Alan. Elise had not seen him since late in March, and she was almost wild with joy. She sang as she went to and fro in her rooms, making them as beautiful as possible, and sat at her piano to play joyous little trills of song. She ordered a store of flowers from the florist, and when the waiter brought her lunch she told him that he was to furnish the choicest of dinners for two. After luncheon she spent hours upon her bath and toilet; laving her throbbing brows and the bounding pulses at her slender wrists in fragrant washes, and robes her tiny figure in blush-rose silk. No longer could she wear the pale blues and cool neutral hues that had so some her pink-and-white beauty but two short years ago. In the blushing pink lent a slight color to her white face, and over the exquisite draperies her fair hair poured a rippling flood. She bound it back with rosy ribbon, clasped milky pearls at throat and wrists, and seated herself at the window to watch for the coming of her Love.

Her mother had only cared for her as an object at whom she could fret and moralize; and though she had kissed her father, rightfully, for years, that kiss had been but a cold formality. She never remembered when he had caught her in his arms, and tumbled her curly hair, and wasted kisses on her little face. He had been entirely a man of business, save that she had been taught to call him father. And she had had no crowd of brothers and sisters to brighten her life and fill it with tender ties. Indeed, her home had always had too much of stern, rigid, religious discipline, and too little of mirth, and pursuit of the beautiful, and mercy, and love, and tender confidences, for Elise to think of it longingly and regretfully, in the first rapturous life of life with Alan.

For, at first, this life was one golden dream. She was surrounded with every beauty and luxury that could be crowded into her little home; night after night she went to the theater, opera, and concert; and through the summer days Alan improvised many a short delightful trip to spots famous for their scenery; and always, with a day, Alan's love was her companion, and his love was her grave, when he was absent she could get no enjoyment from her paintings nor her statuary, her music nor her books; her heart was not in them, unless he shared them with her, but mourned ceaselessly for its mate. Morning after morning, she took her lonely walk and idled away the weary days as best she could; night after night, she wept through weary hours. Then, sometimes, when the morning found her languid and feverish, her mind would wander dreamily back to such days in childhood, when her mother's face had worn a look of unwanted kindness and anxiety, and her hands had rested tenderly upon the little hot brow, and Rachel had stolen into the quiet room and kissed and petted her.

Poor little Elise! Only through terrible heart-bitterness, like many another erring soul, was she to learn that the paths of rectitude, however hard to follow, are the only paths of peace.

But Alan would come again—and with him joy. For him Elise was all sunshine and bright-heartedness; he had once told her, sternly, that

the little pink-robed form threw itself into his arms, with wild hysterics sobs and laughter.

"I say you came now, when I am dying! dying! to see you! Oh! do not be afraid of me! Do you not know that I worship you? That I only live in your presence? Oh, Alan! love!"

With caresses Alan calmed the storm he had raised, and for a brief hour there was happiness. Then their dinner was brought, and Mr. Torrence ordered the waiter to be early with the breakfast, as he wished to take a morning train to New York. Elise dropped her head, and extended her hands in mute, anguished supplication, her face blanched and her eyes wide with pain.

"Well, well," corrected Alan, anxious to avoid a scene at that moment, "bring the breakfast at any hour you choose. Come to think, I will not go back in the morning."

While the waiter packed the *debris* of the dinner, Elise wrote to Elise's desk to write a note, and she stole to his side and sat there patient and sad. Pulling open a drawer to look for paper, the first article that met his eye was a letter addressed:

"MRS. ELISE P. CHANDOR,  
"Southern Hotel,  
"City."

Elise had the previous day employed her time, as often did, now, in reading the few notes and letters Alan had ever sent her; and this had been left uppermost.

"What consummate folly is this!" cried Alan, angrily. "This should have been destroyed long ago."

"I could not bear to destroy a line of yours," said Elise, timidly.

"But I certainly did not suppose you were such an idiot as to keep this!" retorted Alan, putting the letter in his pocket and commanding his note.

"Oh! Alan, you did not mean—you surely could not have meant—to return to New York in the morning!"

"Yes, I did; and I must go in the afternoon."

"So soon, darling? So soon?" pleaded Elise. "Think! I have not seen you in two months, and you stay with me only one day!"

"I tell you once for all, that I shall not come again, if I can be found fault with," replied Alan, impatiently.

Elise dropped her face into her hands and sobbed quietly. Presently she lifted her tear-filled eyes and asked, "Alan, do you not love me?"

"Of course I love you, Elise. The proofs of my love are all around you; and I shall come to see you as often as possible. But, I may as well tell you first as last, that you must expect me but seldom."

Elise looked at him with a strange, startled expression growing upon her face.

"Alan, are you never to take me to New York with you? Never to tell people that I am your wife? Are we never to live together all the time, for years and years, just as we did for a happy month?"

"You know as well as I do that that is impossible!"

"But is it to be impossible always? A year ago you told me the time would soon come; yet the whole year is past and you still say it is impossible! Oh, Alan! if you do not let me live where you live, and be known as your wife—if you do not keep on loving me, I shall die! I shall die!"

Alan Torrence pushed the girl from him, paled the floor a few moments, and then came back and placed her on his lap.

"Listen to me, Elise," he said gently, but firmly. "You know that I love you. I have told you so again and again. I repeat it now; but proclaim this fact to the world, and our connection to the world I cannot; for I have been made."

Elise looked into his face, now, with eyes and cheeks so scorching that no tears were left.

"But am I not your wife, Alan?"

"Yes, my darling, and I know that you are my own dear little wife. But do you suppose the world would believe it, in the face of your history? And do you not know that on your own unsupported word, you are powerless to prove it?"

Elise's eyes still looked burningly into his; but her dry, parched lips could utter no sound, not even a moan. Alan went on:

"As long as you love me, and I love you, you shall stay here in this pretty little home, and be my little love, and I will come often to see you. Say, Elise, do you love your Alan yet?"

"Will you keep this little love always ready for him to find here rest, and comfort, and bliss in your sweet presence?"

"Oh, Alan!" and the girl's hard, woeful voice rose almost to a scream. "What choice have I?—what choice have I? I live only for you."

Without you, your presence, and your love, I should die! So I must stay; I must do anything you say—be anything you choose—since you are my world and my life!"

Alan Torrence had gained his point. He understood Elise's nature well enough, by this time, to be sure that, unlike most women, she would, even in the face of this confession, still yield to his power and dictation. Other women's affections would have lessened with this outrage put upon them; other women would have grown vengeful and asserted themselves against any such plans to keep their lives one long, disgraceful secret. But Alan knew that the sum and substance of Elise's life was her love for him; and though he had already grown tired of the girl's clinging passion, since he had buried himself with her, he had no choice but to still place in that love, and keep her in subjection to such of his wishes as would make her the least trouble to him.

Now that he had told her, of what he himself had long known, that he should never proclaim her as his wife, he relapsed into his old-time, most ardent and lover-like tenderness; and under his impassioned caresses, and burning love-words, Elise was faintly happy. Even at their parting, next day, for Alan's sake, she tried to hide her misery. But when he was gone, and she had watched the carriage down the street until she could no longer see it, nor even hear its clatter upon the pavement, she threw herself upon the floor, and buried her weeping face among the delicate blossoms of the costly carpet and mantelpiece.

"Alan! Alan! Oh, Alan!"

And God pity the woman who wails the name of lover or husband with such utter despair in her voice!

## CHAPTER XI.

WILDE MANOR AND ITS GUESTS.

"WHAT success have you met with—less than you hoped, I see by your faces," cried Miss Gardiner, as Rachel and Eric joined her at the Grand Central Depot.

Mrs. Lysson described the visit to Mrs. Stanford and the conversation that had ensued.

"And now," she concluded, "the hour has come when we must say good-by."

"What! You take to-morrow's steamer!" exclaimed Agnes.

"I think we shall," said Mr. Lysson. "There is so little clew to follow: we only know that a medium-sized man, with dark eyes, and brown hair and beard, and nice voice and manners, came from Baltimore or Philadelphia, to New York, in June, and gave to Mrs. Stanford that envelope. Hundreds of men would answer to such a description; but I shall write to Guy of all that has happened; and if he thinks it possible to trace the person, by means of plausibly-worded advertisements, he will probably stay a few weeks in New York upon his way to England. At present, Miss Agnes, I shall bequeath my name to you. Since you discovered the envelope I shall return it to you, and let you exercise your detective powers."

"Oh, no; please, Mr. Lysson. I can assure you that any efforts of mine to do detective business would prove most ignominious failures; and neither at Wilde Manor nor at home will there be the slightest opportunity for me to learn anything concerning Elise. Besides, it seems to me that Mr. Chandor is the proper person to have this envelope."

"Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Agnes, I should disdain to confess to entertaining the smallest amount of superstition; but the manner in which you came to bring the envelope and its mystery again to light seems so peculiar that I must say I have a desire that you should retain possession of it, in the hope that through you may come some further discovery. I will give you this other bit of writing; you see they are all alike, and with your permission, send Guy a letter of introduction to you, that he may call and get those papers from you in person."

Agnes laughed; yet she felt some little womanly curiosity to see the young Englishman who had lost his bride under such mysterious circumstances.

"Very well; I will consent to become custodian, for the time being, of the documents in question; though I have no faith in your idea that through me will come any further developments concerning this case."

Nevertheless Miss Gardiner put the papers away in her elegant portemanteau; and as the train which was to bear her back to the gayeties of the tide hamlets slowly rolled out of the depot, she murmured, idly, if the young man's present could possibly be true; and these papers in some way be connected with her own fate; and she destined them to make further discoveries concerning them. Then she thought of Carl Van Alst, and Wilde Manor, and smiled at the improbability of the idea; and with her feet upon a hassock, and a new book open upon her lap, had quite banished such odd fancies, when the train slackened its speed at the river-side station where her journey terminated.

Carl Van Alst was upon the platform, and at just the right car to give Agnes his hand, with a look that said more of welcome than a score of words could have done; and the Wildes' phaeton, with its span of black ponies, waited near. So Carl was to drive her up to the manor, through the sweet-scented, dewy twilight, that Agnes had imagined he would—for even the best regulated and most orthodox female heart will, occasionally, indulge in such idle dreams.

"And what have you been doing at the Manor during my absence, Mr. Van Alst?" asked Agnes, when they were cosily ensconced, side by side, and he had given the ribbons to the fleet ponies.

"We have had croquet, and quoits, and shooting and drives, and rides, and walks, as usual; but all have seemed utterly dull without you, Miss Agnes."

"Or, rather, Miss Rodwell and Marion Dare have been less entertaining than usual, and you, yourself, perhaps, afflicted with an attack of indigestion?"

"Not in the least!" retorted Carl; "that is an unknown malady to me; and the ladies were never more entertaining. By the way, we have

had reinforcements since your departure. Quite a crowd of visitors arrived this morning, and Mrs. Wilde is in her element—though she is devoutly longing for the return of her vicegerent. But even our charming hostess cannot have been as utterly unhappy during your absence as your humble servant."

"That is because she is sustained by the consciousness of her duties to be performed. I have little charity for the people who have nothing to do but be unhappy, and indulge the feeling as a sort of luxury."

"You are merciless, Miss Agnes. Do you intend me to understand that you condemn my unhappiness?"

"I condemn you in no wise, and I do not believe you know what positive unhappiness is, and you have not told me who the new guests are?" answered Agnes, lightly.

Carl Van Alst's dark brows contracted Troubly a moment, but he spoke gravely:

"Have you forgotten the proverbial skeleton in every closet, that you feel so positive that I have never known unhappiness?"

"Yes, or, rather, I hoped you had been an example to Miss Gardiner, with a sudden charming gentleness and self-reproach."

"Oh, do not think it is that!" he cried, quickly, feeling by instinct that Agnes was thinking of his marriage. "I admired the cousin whom circumstances ordained should be my wife for so brief a season, but I did not love her; and I feel that fate was only kind to both of us in freeing us from the burden of a life-long mistake. No; I had never known love then!"

There was no misunderstanding the intent of this explanation, nor the meaning that pervaded Mr. Van Alst's voice as he spoke that last sentence. But with a light smile, and the subject to that of the new guests, Agnes, for the first time, wondered if this man could be only playing at love. Her heart gave a sharp throb of pain for a moment, and then her perfect lips curled disdainfully at the thought of any man trifling with her, or of ever guessing that he had won her preference until he first avowed his own. For Agnes Gardiner, in her proud young womanhood and with her worldly training, was the last person, whether she married for interest or for love, to vulgarly let her motives be seen—to wear her heart upon her sleeve.

"There are Mr. De Lancy, a bachelor very old and very rich; my uncle and father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Van Alst; John Richmond, and a very insipid little Englishman, Willis Leonard by name."

"And the ladies?" queried Agnes.

"Mrs. Lorrimer, Miss Lorrimer, and Miss Sanfrey."

"Miss Lorrimer! Are you at all acquainted with her? Is her name Blanche?" asked Miss Gardiner, with quick interest.

Carl Van Alst carefully scrutinized his companion's face while he seemed only to be watching the ponies, as he answered:

"I am acquainted with the family. During my first long stay in New York I used to visit there somewhat, and Miss Lorrimer's name is Blanche. May I ask if you are acquainted with her?"

"Not in the least—I never saw her until last evening, she was at Thomas's with a little brittle and fine-looking elderly gentleman."

"My uncle and Isabelle Sanfrey, doubtless; both young ladies are his wards. Were you attracted by Blanche's beauty? She is considered rather unusually beautiful."

"Yes, I thought her so; but her chief attraction to me is the fact that she was a school-chum of a young lady in whom I am greatly interested. I quite long to make Miss Lorrimer's acquaintance."

"And you will speedily have the opportunity," said Carl, giving the ponies a cut that sent them flying faster toward the possible discovery of a new clew to Elise Chandor's fate.

"I have not told you the last session when he continued to be the most popular man in town."

"Mrs. Wilde gives a lawn-party to-morrow, after dinner, tea, a dance, and supper after the ball. Besides the guests at the manor, all of the best families about here are invited."

"Mrs. Wilde's first lawn-party of the season! It is sure to be pleasant; her parties always are."

"I shall enjoy it, if you promise me at least half a dozen dances; otherwise I shall be bored to death."

"You are most moderate in your demands! I will promise three—one lancers and two waltzes—and trust that you will survive."

"How cruel you are! Nevertheless, I receive smallest favors gratefully at your hands; and if you enjoy yourself, I shall find enjoyment in watching you. Do you know that acquaintance with you has added quite a new and blissful flavor to my life, Miss Agnes?"

"How could I know it? But I am sure it is a pleasant thing to learn. Is it because I enjoy myself?"

"It is because you are so thoroughly fresh and vigorous in mind and body. You afford a man such charming mental companionship and you fairly fascinate him with your capacity for purely physical happiness. It seems as if the mere bare fact of existence is enjoyment to you."

"I believe it is," laughed Agnes, "when the air is clear and I have had a pleasant ride!"

A faint smile spread upon the marble steps of Wilder Manor, where her hostess welcomed her, and carry her away to the delicious little dinner that was being served for her in the cosy little breakfast-room.

While she ate her dinner, Miss Gardiner's thoughts reverted to the subject that the proximity of the Lorrimers kept vivid. These people had known Elise—had entertained her at their home during one of the gayest seasons of life in town. Might not Elise have formed some friendship there that had influenced her future?

True, Miss Lorrimer had written Rachel that she had known of no gentleman paying attention to Elise, nor Elise writing to any one but her own family. But how did they know that Miss Lorrimer was not trusted? Might not Blanche, herself, feel in a degree responsible for some unfortunate acquaintance that Elise had formed, and so deny all knowledge of it?

Agnes longed to question Miss Lorrimer, and the chance to do so was afforded her in a very few minutes after she had donned an evening dress and appeared in the drawing-room. The two ladies were introduced just as Miss Lorrimer had left the piano for a seat near the window.

"Will you not sit here?" Blanche asked, moving to one end of the little tete-a-tete. As Miss Gardiner accepted the seat, she added: "It is not quite odd, Miss Gardiner, that we should meet again so soon?"

"After our two encounters last evening—yes, we were particularly glad that it had happened so, for the lady friend who was with me recognized you as having been a room-mate of her sister at Wilder."

"You do not mean Elise Wallbridge?"

"Yes; that lady with me was Mrs. Lyson."

"Then you know Elise? You can tell me all about her—where she is?"

"No, I had hoped that, possibly, you could tell me."

The two young women regarded each other silently for a moment, Agnes with steady, intent gaze, Blanche with glowing *hauteur*.

"I think," said Blanche, coolly, "breaking the silence, "that you must have made some mistake regarding that."

"I think I have, and I ask your pardon," responded Miss Gardiner, apologetically. "All I know is that she was convinced that Blanche Lorrimer was innocent of any knowledge of her chum's fate."

"I had only hoped that having been Elise's friend, once, you had at some time become her *confidante*, and could help me to some knowledge of the secret of her life."

"The secret of her life—and you cannot tell me about her, nor where she is?" asked Blanche wonderingly.

"I can tell you a little—if you care to know," and, briefly, Agnes related Elise's history, ending with her belief that Elise had been coerced into an elopement with some former lover.

"Poor little Elise! She was such a gentle little thing! I cannot understand it. Certainly she could not have been in love while I knew her!" Miss Lorrimer asserted, positively.

"The whole matter is enveloped in a dreadful mystery, and so painful a one that you will be so kind as to keep it an inviolable secret."

"Most certainly," said Blanche, gravely. And the two young ladies sauntered away, leaving a listener behind the lace draperies that had sheltered their seat, whose face was ablaze with furious hate and passion.

Isabelle had stepped from the marble veranda into the bay-window, intending thus to enter the parlor, when the conversation was carried on, the other side of the curtains, arrested her steps, and riveted her attention so completely that she was quite oblivious of the fact that Carl Van Alst had followed, to speak with her, and stood just without the window-frame, puffing on a cigar, and admiring her statuette attitude.

"So that is what has become of her?" Isabelle whispered, fiercely, as Agnes Gardiner concluded her story of Elise. "Could it have been Alan she ran away with? She certainly loved him—and he her! Her! An insipid little Puritan, instead of me! I wish I could kill them both, or rather discover their secret and proclaim it to the world!"

The little Cuban fairily hissed the last words between her tiny clenched teeth, and the man who heard them involuntarily receded from this exhibition of a girl's hot, vindictive hatred. He tossed away his cigar, and went quietly back along the veranda, to the brilliantly-lighted hallway.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 423.)

## One of Life's Tragedies.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

EMPHATICALLY a woman's room, all sea-green tints and mother-of-pearl, with the golden pipes of an organ going up to the domed roof, and the girl, whose bower of beauty this had been, looking around upon that familiar scene for the last time.

"Oh, dear, dear," moaned poor aunt Ashley, weeping pitifully. "I don't know how you feel, Rose Mabel, but I'd as soon the coffinlid shut down atop of me."

A shiver went over Rose Mabel, and she became conscious of Dillaye's eyes fixed upon her.

"What do you think about it?" he asked, as he drew her away toward the stairs. "Because a great pile of bricks has tumbled down and brought us with it, are we not to be comforted by some compensating good?"

"Don't ask me," impatiently. "I can't feel resigned; but to die, to go out into the cold and darkness, to molder away and be nothing but the dust under men's feet—I can't bear to think of it!"

"I am acquainted with the family. During my first long stay in New York I used to visit there somewhat, and Miss Lorrimer's name is Blanche. May I ask if you are acquainted with her?"

"Well, but in life," he urged. "In going to work bravely and building the splendid edifice up again. I confess that I like this idea of carving out my own destiny, of taking fate into my own hands and proving myself the conqueror. Which will you do, Rose—share the glory of the effort or await the result?"

"I should be afraid to struggle for my kingdom, afraid of being one of the conquered. I will wait."

"But you would fall to my share and I would be merciful," he said, with that overmastering flash in his eyes, which kept her still and drained the blood from her face as it had done the first time she had seen it there, months before.

It was when the first shadow of the coming disaster fell upon them. There was a gay company in her uncle's parlors, her uncle's young business partners, Dillaye and Mark Colton, among them. Suddenly she saw the latter grow white to the lips.

"Miss Elworthy," said he, bending and smiling for the rest while the abject terror in his face was reserved for her sight alone. "I am a defaulter for fifty thousand dollars. I came here to-night to keep clear of suspicion until I could get away, but I am too late unless you help me. Dobbins, the cashier, has just gone into the study with your uncle, and there's the door to the stairs."

"And you would ride Heckla within an inch of his life to keep such a trivial promise! I wonder what you would do if one were to break faith with you! For my part, I would expect to be killed on the spot."

"Never try the experiment," jested Dillaye, following after the boy, who appeared to take charge of his horse.

Tressy flew to her arm about her sister with a squeeze of wordless sympathy when she was driven from the room at night.

"Well, little mouse?"

"What I do is to lose the fortune, and how glad I am for what you have left, Mab, Rand says, that much as he always esteemed Dillaye, the work he is doing now makes him admire him more."

"Stop!"

"I will not be taken alive," gasped Colton, desperately.

"Always Dillaye! Poor Rose Mabel! No wonder the feeling of restlessness at first coming home, and yes—her own heart acknowledged it, so why should she not tell it? at coming nearer to Rand, should have deserted her. What could she do if he was determined to leave her to Dillaye?"

Tressy's wedding was at hand. May now, but it seemed as if April beguiled of her fair portion of tears, had banished their burden. Tressy's eyes were dimmed as bride ever saw. Rose shuddered with superstition, and Tressy laughed at her fears.

"I shall have Will. No bad luck can come to one offset that."

Such love and trust! Poor Rose Mabel! Sight of it, somehow, was as depressing as death.

Dillaye arrived at the last minute. He kissed the bride and put her into the carriage, and went back to the firelit parlor, impatience for the opportunity, which was hours in coming, before he was left alone with Rose. She had seen what was at hand, and avoided it while she could.

Your kingdom next," he began. "Did you imagine I was going to be put off and made to wait? I've had like this before, but the result."

"Look, Rose! Only think of the power these few bits of rustling paper hold. They mean that I am a free man again; the thrill of debt lifted; more than all, Rose, they mean you."

Rose did look, with a flame of angry passion in her eyes. One moment Dillaye stood with the bonds held loosely in his hand, the next she had snatched them and flung the fluttering heap into the blazing grate-fire. The suddenness of that mad act paralysed his energies for an instant; then Rose shrunk with a cry, turned and fled into utter terror.

The black night closed down, the rain, which had been falling all day was driven now by wind, which was a wild, fierce gale, in the mass of clouds. Dr. Winter, who was riding slowly over the heavy country road, was startled indescribably by an apparition in the midst of that loneliness and gloom.

"Rand!" the voice sharp with fright. "It is I, Rose. Take me up. Now turn about and drive for your life—for my life. I have ruined Dillaye, and he will kill me!"

Through her wild excitement and incoherence, he succeeded only in understanding that she had some real grounds for fear, and then arose, faintly borne by the wind, the steady, oncoming sound of pursuit.

Rose cowered, dumbly. Rand urged on his horse, but the race was too unequal to last long.

The animal he drove was already fagged by a tedious round. The mounted pursuer gained, rapidly, and Dillaye called clearly:

"Hold on, Rand! You must give her up to me. Rose, you can't escape me. Stop, or I'll drop your horse in his tracks."

He was circling ahead now. Rose made a desperate start; then rigidly stole over Rose Mabel, though she forced herself to speak lightly.

"That is the secret, eh? And who is the man so blessed—Rand Winter? Is it that brings him here so often?"

"What an idea! Rand isn't a marrying man. Has his mother and two sisters to support, you

know, and it was only by good luck he got to attend those lectures in the city, last winter. He is a hard worker. Father made a special request that he should see something of you and Uncle Ashley, or, I suppose he'd hardly have taken the time." And then Tressy drifted to her own affairs until the tea-bell rung.

It was remarkable how very little confidence Rose managed to return without exciting the suspicion of intentional reserve. She was more drawn out at the table. Her father's mind was full of the failure of Ashley & Co., and Rose had to answer his questions.

"A clean smash-up, and your uncle so desponding as he isn't likely ever to hold his head up again. A bad thing, a bad thing! Why couldn't he stop when he had enough? Seems to me you rich people are the ones who go into the greatest craze after money. Slow down, and enjoy it to the full, that's my motto. So, Dillaye has taken all the responsibility upon himself. Shows pluck, but I shouldn't wonder from all I hear if he finds his hands full. Ain't sorry after such a wreck to get back into a safe harbor, are you, Rose Mabel?"

"Sorry! I wish with all my heart I had never left it."

Not her words so much as the passionate voice startled every one there. Then they remembered how close this loss bore upon her, how they had given her up for her own good when childless uncle Ashley came with his proposal to adopt Rose as his heiress, and now they measured her feelings by theirs. Five years lost from their loving home hearts; of course, they regretted their loss for them.

"Spring opened as swiftly that year. It was more like May than an April day when Rose drove to the station for an expected visitor. The household were surprised to see her come back alone. She was still standing upon the steps, flushed from the drive and radiant with an exhilaration of spirits which made indoors seem irksome, when Dr. Winter rode up.

"A dispatch for you, Miss Elworthy. The messenger missed you at the station, it appears, and my happening in this direction saved him a trip."

"Expect me in two hours. Dillaye," read Rose. "Oh, I suppose he had occasion to stop somewhere on the way. Will not that prospect tempt you to stay for the evening, Dr. Winter?"

"I came ready to be persuaded," smiled Rand, though the bitter accent which had broken into that question had not escaped him.

"It was not the first evening he had passed at the house.

"I have a line from Dillaye," he said. "I am not sure he is ready to be persuaded to remain with us."

"Thank Mr. Dillaye for causing you to remember me."

"Where one cannot be principal he is lucky to be substitute. I am aware of my privilege," said Rand. "He felt as if that note had put him upon his honor. If he could have overcome his difficulties, he could not have been his friend's trust."

The quartette, made by the appearance of Tressy and her lover, were promenading the veranda in the moonlight, two hours later.

The sound of galloping hoofs rang up from the road; in another moment Dillaye sprang from the saddle and stood before them.

"Time!" he called out. "Fifteen seconds to spare. Bravo, Heckla, good old fellow! Miss Elworthy, he would appreciate a lump of sugar from your hand after this feast."

tle bottle of oil and a small piece of black putty. The saws and file were to cut the irons, the oil to lubricate, and the black putty to fill up the cracks so as to prevent discovery in case of an examination, not too closely made.

"Oh, no, my friend, I need none of these things!" the Frenchman exclaimed; "I am an innocent man and on my trial the truth will come out. You can't sell me any of these toys." But, even as he spoke, the little, sharp eyes of the "crackman" glistened over the delicate instruments, the finest kit of "tools" he had ever seen.

"There is nothing to pay: the captain sent them."

The Frenchman had half a mind to accept, but he feared a trap; the messenger was a stranger and he distrusted him.

"I know nothing of your captain, and you are laying a trap for me, but it won't work, my friend. I am too old a bird to be caught by chaff."

"All right; you can do as you please," and the spy screwed on the boot-bead again.

Hardly had he performed the task when the keeper passed along the corridor and looked in to see him.

"Come, hurry up! You mustn't stay long," he said; "it's time you were out of this; it's against all the rules, anyway, to have you here, at this hour."

"I came to see the gentleman upon important business and so an exception was made in my favor, but I am ready to go now, unless Mr. Garrison has something more to say," and the spy turned to the Frenchman.

The prisoner understood that this was his last chance, but he was too wily a rogue to be caught in the skillfully-laid trap and he only shook his head, so the spy departed.

Then he was conducted to the cell occupied by the Italian, Lucca. Care had been taken to place the confederates in different tiers.

We will not weary the reader with the details of the interview, for the second attempt was but a repetition of the first and equally unsuccessful.

Find the Italian refused to answer the signs and denied all knowledge of the "captain."

The clever device of the police authorities had failed; the prisoners were not to be tricked into betraying the leader who stood in the background and planned the evil schemes.

The experiment was not tried upon the woman, for in the beginning it was decided that it would be useless.

During the brief intervals which elapsed between the arrest of the prisoners and their trial, which was hurried forward with all possible speed, the entire machinery of the police department was put into operation to secure the arrest of the broker, Percy, who was mentioned in the dying declaration of the murdered Bullard, but the search was in vain. All that could be discovered was that some time ago there had been a broker, not exactly a broker, but what is commonly termed a curb-stone operator, a man who carried his office in his hat, as the saying is, by the name of Percy, known in Wall street. But the man had utterly disappeared and left no trace behind him. And the police, in spite of their most persistent inquiry, could not even obtain a description of the "operator."

One account said that he was short and fat, with light hair; another declared that he was tall and thin and with black hair; a third said that he was neither short nor tall, but between the two; some believed that he was old, and others that he was a mere boy, and finally the officers giving the matter up in disgust came to a conclusion similar to that regarding the wonderful Mrs. Harris in Dickens's world-famous novel, that there wasn't "no such person."

In due time the prisoners were placed on trial. Judge Jefferson George Washington Robbins appeared for the defense.

The judge was a character. In the days when the "ring" ruled New York and made things lively for the "boys," he had first been a political lawyer, a strong warden of the untried—voters, whose motto was "vote early and vote often," then he had been elected judge and had presided over the Tombs police-court for quite a long time.

He was the "terror of the evil-doer," so the ever-reliable daily newspapers said, and a stranger happening to stroll into his court would have been struck with the rapidity with which he disposed of the parties, one by one, before him. He knew them all, or at least pretended he did—it was about the same; the culprit's name amounted to nothing, and the way he imposed the fines and started the poor, ignorant, powerless—politically speaking—wretches to the "island" was a cantion. But let one of the "gang" be hauled up and the case was different.

But despite the legal efforts of the judge and his associate counsel, the two men were convicted, although the madame escaped, and were sentenced to Sing-Sing.

The police spy had struck his first blow, and the secret band were staggered by its force.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

A MODERN SLAVE SALE.

Just over one month after the blue rose episode, as related in a previous chapter, the Bohemian knocked at the door of the young girl's room and asked the favor of a few minutes' conversation with her.

Inviting her visitor to enter, she placed a chair for him, and waited in curiosity to learn the purport of his visit.

"My dear Miss Adalia, I come on important business to-night," he said, "and I trust that you will give me your earnest attention."

"Certainly, sir," she responded, somewhat surprised at the gravity of his tone and manner.

The Bohemian hesitated for a few minutes before he began, and as he surveyed the girl, thinking over in his mind the best way to deliver the proposition which he had come expressly to make, he could not help remarking how beautiful she was. Never before to his eyes had she appeared so lovely.

"Miss Adalia, I hardly know how to begin," he said at last, "for what I have to say will, I fear, be totally unexpected by you and probably will take you entirely by surprise. You are a most charming young lady, and since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I have gradually learned to like you more and more."

He paused in his speech for a moment, and a slight, beautiful blush began to creep up into the face of the girl. She began to have an idea of the nature of the communication which was about to be made to her, and gladly would she have avoided it if she could, but the girls said, at first better than ever before: so the girl said, at least those to whom the Point was a favorite resort.

Young ladies who were adepts in the art of giving the affections of the opposite sex for their pleasure, and throwing it away for their convenience, already in those little treasure-boxes marked their dead and wounded; they had enough bell-buttons given them to trim two or three riding habits; all of said buttons having been taken off just above the hearts of the riders, at the risk of being reported "One button off coat," and "Same at same." But the powers that be have to relax the rule in this respect, during the summer encampment, or those of the corps who make their debut might find it difficult to get rid of the fellow.

"Fortune has favored me greatly of late, and gives me courage to speak, otherwise my lips would have been closed. Miss Adalia, I have come to ask of you the greatest favor that a woman can give to a man—myself. I love you and I wish to make you my wife."

The girl cast down her eyes and her bosom heaved tumultuously. It was a painful task to refuse even a man for whom she cared absolutely nothing, and for a few moments she hesitated.

No hope, though, did the young lover take, for he was a keen reader of faces, and the look which appeared upon the flushed and confused face of the girl told him only too well what the answer would be; but he did not seem to be at all disconcerted.

After quite a long pause Adalia lifted up her head and made reply:

"I trust that you will excuse me, Mr. Percy, if my words give you pain," she said, slowly, "but, as I explained to you some time ago, all my thoughts—all my energies are devoted to one purpose only."

"Yes, I remember," he replied, taking advantage of her pause to speak. "And that idea is still strong within your mind—you have not given it up?"

"I believe I do feel a little tired."

"Will you go out on the porch with me? It is cool out there."

"Please excuse me. I would like to, but I

my heart as is the life which there exists, although I fear the time is far distant when I shall set about the task.

Without money the attempt is hopeless, and how can I, a single, helpless girl, hope to earn the large sum needed? I know enough of the world to understand that to successfully pursue my purpose money must be spent like water, and—Heaven help me! it is as much as I can do to provide for the expenses of her life. Oh! I think sometimes that I am mad to dream of measuring strength with the powerful, cruel men that so foully wronged the unfortunate victim who in the State prison grieved his life away."

"Why, then, not give up all ideas of such a difficult and dangerous scheme? for if the facts of the case are as you believe them to be, the men who hunted the wretched criminal to his doom will be fully desperate and determined enough to remove you from their path if they discover that there is any likelihood of succeeding in the attempt to bring them to justice."

"Oh! I think nothing of my own life!" the girl asserted. "Not for a single instant would I hesitate to sacrifice myself, provided that I could succeed in my task, and I should feel a holy, righteous joy in dying in such a good cause."

"Come, hurry up! You mustn't stay long," he said; "it's time you were out of this; it's against all the rules, anyway, to have you here, at this hour."

"I came to see the gentleman upon important business and so an exception was made in my favor, but I am ready to go now, unless Mr. Garrison has something more to say," and the spy turned to the Frenchman.

"All right; you can do as you please," and the spy screwed on the boot-bead again.

The Frenchman had half a mind to accept, but he feared a trap; the messenger was a stranger and he distrusted him.

"I know nothing of your captain, and you are laying a trap for me, but it won't work, my friend. I am too old a bird to be caught by chaff."

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LOST LULU;

OR,

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Which shows the dashing and versatile "Knight of the Plains" in a new and pleasing vein. While alive with the excitement and action of wild western and border life—of such adventure, peril, prowess and passion as only the wilderness of the heart of the continent can produce—it has as a leading element of interest and story, the presence of

Three Beautiful Young Women

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A DOUBLE ENDORSEMENT.

SAYS the semi-weekly *Western Sun*, published at Vincennes, Indiana:

"Read what Mr. Godley, editor of 'Godey's Lady's Book' and 'The Magazine,' says in regard to Beadle & Co.'s *Dime Novels*: 'We were agreeably surprised on looking over the series of these works, to find how much excellent matter is given for that now defunct article, the *dime*, but still purchasable at ten cents. History, biography, and general works of which are available for schools, and to be found in these remarkably cheap publications. One thing we can assure our readers that nothing immoral, or of a slandering kind, is published. We know the editor, and can answer for him. He is a gentleman of education and breeding, and has written a number of cheap and good tens' worth of *dime* book.'

"The above is great, but just praise, and we endorse every word of it. To add thereto would be uselessly superfluous—would be like 'gilding the reined gold.'

Sunshine Papers.

The Irrepressible.

HAVE you ever met him? I am sure you have, for "his name is Legion." But perhaps you can answer that question better after I have attempted to give a partial description of him.

In age he varies from sixteen to twenty years; he wears the most extreme of the extremely high collars, which makes one perpetually nervous, lest at its owner's next attempt to turn his head he will do so at the sacrifice of one or more of his ears; and the most approved style of clothes, hat, and indispensable cane; smokes his "Vanity Fair," or some equally fine brand of cigarette; and, with an assuring air, which, if you did not know to the contrary, might lead you to suppose that he did all this at his own instead of his father's expense. If nature has smit him upon the extent of a few pale hairs upon his upper lip, or a promising pair of feathered "sides," he strokes, and smooths, and twists, and pulls them—the latter, perhaps, as a forcing process—until in utter disgust, especially if you are a female, you change your position to where, for a brief time, you may be spared the affliction of beholding this convincing illustration of the truth of the Darwinian theory.

If he resides in Brooklyn or Jersey, as in large quantities he certainly does, he will enter the ladies' cabin of the ferry-boat with the air of a conqueror; and having strutted to the looking-glass—which you are amazed to see remains unbroken—and adjusted his tie, and failing to see them in the glass, fell for the almost invisible hairs upon his lip, he passes on, through the other cabin, smiling upon and staring at the fair sex; and having reached the outer deck, he straightens himself up with a self-satisfied air, which, if you have an eye for business, at once suggests to you what an immense fortune you might make if you could only buy him at your price and sell him at his.

Or, perhaps, he attends college; and meeting you at some evening entertainment he will astound you with his profound wisdom, and unlimited field of reading; and will roll forth upon you such words of magnitude that you feel thankful, on his account, that he has not yet reached the age of false teeth, lest they be swept away before the advancing current of stupendous eloquence. He asks your opinion of European affairs, if you have read Harriet

Martineau's newly-published Life and Recollections, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Landor's Imaginary Conversations, or Denton's Montenegro. None of which probably he has himself looked into.

Or, he may have left college and commenced studying for the bar, or some other profession. You meet him on the street, and, more from courtesy than from any real desire to have him do so, ask him to call and spend an evening with you, or, it may be, to take part in some literary entertainment—being fully convinced of his own consciousness of his ability to do so. But you are put coolly aside—as one might brush a fly from the table—with the announcement that, "My entire time is taken up with my studies; you know that I am preparing for such and such a profession." You did not know it, but you are unquestionably convinced of the fact, after you have heard him make the same announcement to nearly all his other friends.

Then you meet him in the mercantile world; you have occasion to transact some business with Messrs. A. & Co, but arrive at their office a little before either of them reach it. As you enter you are greeted by one of these creatures I am attempting to describe. If it is a summer morning he will probably be in his shirt-sleeves, puffing upon a cigarette; and, like a small Vesuvius, will relieve himself of whatever smoke he contains—which, as it wafts gently into your face, you find to be not a little—and calmly and lazily inquires:

"Who did you wish to see?"

"I have business with the members of the firm; are they disengaged?" you reply, politely.

"No," he answers, omitting the "sir," "they have not yet arrived. Is there anything I can do for you?"

You feel like taking him by the collar and shaking some of the conceit out of him; but, instead, turn on your heel, saying:

"Tell Mr. A. that Mr. C. called, and will return at one o'clock."

"Certainly, certainly," he responds, with the air of a special partner, "I shall not fail to do so;" and placing his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, he follows you to the door, and as you open it and pass out—thinking, as you do so, how beneficial it would be to that young man if he were to tend door for awhile—you leave him standing there with all the airs and assurance of a millionaire—his salary, probably, being a dollar and a half a week.

But where don't you meet the irrepressible? What pleasure it would give you if you could think of a single occasion, in society, in business, on the street, or in church—any place—where for once, in your recollection, you had not been afflicted with the greatest and most disgusting of bores.

There is only one consoling thought in regard to him. That as a rule, as ruthless time continues to deal with him—and, unlike his mother, fails to pet and caress the dear boy—he finds that he is not taken at his own estimate, and like inflated railroad stock he settles down to a hard-pant basis.

Then men know his true value, which is vastly greater, in their eyes, than when he was an irrepressible!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

GLEANINGS from GOSSIPVILLE.

NO. III.

YES, Brother Shadrach, I am so much exercised in my mind that I have left my plowing to come over here and give vent to the expression of my feelings. I fear, I very much fear, that Deacon Silver is worldly-minded—that he is prone to run after the mere work of the world instead of looking after his own spiritual welfare and that of others. I know he has been a poor man, and his clothes scarcely fit to be seen at "meeting" while others could wear their best. What is it you say? Why did I not aid him to procure better?

From a clear sense of duty. My conscience told me that, if the Lord wished him to be better clad, He would provide the means and it would seem like sacrifice for me—a mere speck of dirt—to take the work out of the Lord's hands.

When I heard, yesterday, that the deacon had received a little money, right glad was I of the news. I immediately meandered over to his house to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and ask him if he wasn't ready and willing to bestow his money upon the poor and needy heathens of Africa?

And, what do you think? He actually said he had used it all for necessary clothing. Fifteen good dollars gone to gratify the adornment of one's person!

What is that you remark? Charity should begin at home! Ah, yes, how often does that prevent us from doing as we should toward our neighbor, and it serveth as an excuse to the worldly-minded to make an idol of one's self and deck that idol with gaudy things to the sight, but killing to the soul.

It grieves me to the core to see so much vanity passing on around me, and I think of it by day and dream of it by night.

And I don't know as Parson Able is as sound as he might be. I notice he has pictures hung up in his study. It seems to me that one of his cloth should be above such things. They must distract his thoughts from heavenly matters to earthly ones. You'll not find any pictures in my house, though my wife would like a few. "No, no, Maria," I say, "we must be content with what we have, and if you must look at something look out of doors."

"Pictures add cheerfulness to a house?"

Are we to live for cheerfulness? Were we placed in this meadow of hollow mockery to be cheerful? Can we be cheerful and gain heaven, too?

And the parson actually smiled last Sunday! Think of a parson smiling and on Sunday! Don't you think it is a subject for prayer? I'm afraid he's not as sober-minded as he might be. It's an awful example to set before the young.

And, as I came by neighbor Collins's house last evening I saw him playing a game of checkers with his son. Do you think parents should be on such familiar terms with their children? Ah, yes, I have heard your answer before: "Rational amusements at home will prevent the young from seeking questionable ones abroad." But, are checkers rational? May they not lead to gambling and then to murder? I never allow my children any games whatever; they are always at home at night.

Extremely young babies should not be fed on hard-boiled eggs, corn-bread, raw turnips, raw oysters, bologna, and parched corn, for such viands lie too heavy on its little conc-

science. Babies are the best things with which to ornament baby shows. Don't expect too much of them and they will expect everything of you, and my advice (and your wife's) is to mind the baby.

They think it is their bounden duty to convert the billiard-keeper, and they have asked my permission to visit him every evening. I have consented and shall give them sufficient money to purchase tracts. It is indeed a glorious cause. I wish I could go with the boys myself, but they think they can do better by themselves. Wish them success, as I do.

And, Brother S., do you think your store will be blessed if you leave off so many times to talk with your friends? Time is precious. We must not waste it. We shall have to account for it all some day. I never like people to spend their time gossiping. Good-day.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Blessed Baby.

The baby is as necessary in a house as any other article of furniture, or even a bay-window, and to bring it up and manage it properly requires a good deal of agricultural ingenuity, for as the twig is bent the boy is inclined to go somewhere pretty quick. A great many people are not used to the baby, so I give a few general hints.

To properly dress it you should put on all the clothes that you can get on. The dress should be not more than nine feet to a two-foot baby, so that when you carry it in your arms around the room to hush it you can easily step on it without any trouble. Bunch it up with frills, flowers and furbelows so that it will look as much like a healthy pillow as possible, and keep it warm, no matter how hot the day is. A person stands a chance or two of finding that there is a baby somewhere in the mass, and if it takes the notion. Do not let it try to dress itself and not allow it to wear boots before it is six months old. How would it look in the eyes of the public to see a four months' old boy standing around town with a plug hat, swallow-tail coat and a cane on?

Repress all such inclinations. If you don't think it is the prettiest baby in town you don't deserve to have more than ten or fifteen at most.

When it squalls the father and mother should not struggle so hard, as they always do, to see who can get it and walk it around and trot it and spank it and smother it to make it noise up its hush, or to rock it so decidedly in the crib that in its astonishment the inside of the neck will be immediately filled with a good deal of silence.

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THE LOST MARINER.

BY FRANK DAVES.

No ship in sight nor any shore,  
And nothing but the wind and sky,  
To see me off! Ah! who is it?  
A shipwrecked sailor on the sea,  
Whose fate it is, methinks, to die,  
Nor sail the ocean any more.

I gaze and gaze until my eyes  
Seem bursting from my throbbing head;  
Yet naught I see to cheer me up:  
Alas! it is a bitter cup!  
I almost wish that I were dead,  
And soaring in the distant skies.

Methinks I see the angels now,  
With crowns and harps, and singing low  
About the gates of Paradise.  
Ah! weak and wretched, bloodshot eyes!  
Why is it so deceiver me?

What visions in this throbbing braw!

I love the land, I love the hills,  
The loss about my heart is none;  
I love the sea, where oft I've drunk,  
I love the little mossy bank,  
Whereon I sat when eve had come,  
And crokets chirruped by the rills.

I love the earth, I love my kind;  
I love the Alice most of all;  
Within the sumptuous Vale of Bliss  
Is happiness: but why is this?  
I do not long for that at all.  
Ah, sinful soul! so dumb and blind!

I hope to rest up there at last:  
This is a weary world at best;  
But oh, to live a little while—  
To live and walk the little mile  
From Portsmouth to the cottage west,  
Just where the ruined mill is past!

I know it may be very wrong,  
But there is where my Alice lives;  
The world is a mystery to me,  
The sky looks so much like the sea,  
And God says love that which He gives,  
And have your day, and sing your song.

Methinks beyond the Hills of God  
My soul would look across the waste,  
And then again I'd long to be  
A lover by the moonlit sea;  
And if I could, I'd fly in haste,  
And stand again upon the sod.

I'd love the newest angel most;  
And if the tenderest flowers of spring,  
The lily and the blue hazel,  
Were on his brows, I'd murmur, "Well,"  
And songs of earth I'd sweetly sing  
Among the white-winged angel host.

But God's way is not our way;  
And I must leave all that I love,  
And fly away to other worlds;  
The wind is up, the water curls,  
And there is naught around, above,  
But never ending blue and gray.

Typical Women.

ELIZABETH,  
THE GOOD QUEEN BESS."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Squalor, Cleopatra and Zenobia were types of ancient and Oriental civilization, it may be said with some truth that Elizabeth of England was a fine representative of modern and Western civilization. She came forward at a critical moment in the history of Europe, when the medieval governments were rapidly reforming and the new ideas of literature, art, religion and political economy were presaging vast changes. In her these ideas were very fully embodied, and her long reign now obtains the glory of having so directed the mind and animated the enterprise of the new era as to virtually become the parent of modern progress.

Henry VIII., the father of Elizabeth, was a character at once repulsive and commanding. He was king of a great realm which embraced England and a considerable portion of France. His ambition was boundless; but, led almost wholly by his passions, he became a moral brute, who spent a long life in developing schemes, laws and institutions, every one of which was tainted with his selfishness, molded by his avarice, or expressive of his shrewd will. He was at once the father of a new Britain and a new Church, yet had in him not one atom of good principle or honesty. He was at the best, a detestable man, a detestable husband and a detestable ruler; and yet, strange contradiction! he left on his age and people the impress of an intelligence and energy that make his name renowned in history.

Henry first married Catherine of Aragon—Spanish princess of eminent virtues and piety. It was a marriage of state—purely—made when Henry was but twelve years of age; and Catherine, six years older, was even then the widow of Henry's older brother, Arthur. For such unusual and forbidding alliance a special dispensation from the Pope had to be obtained; but it was never congenial, and when the beautiful Anne Boleyn came into the queen's household as maid of honor, Henry's fierce love soon led to the repudiation of Catherine and the espousal of the maid. By a stupendous process of perfidy, bribery and dictation, Catherine was deposed and Anne Boleyn became queen—an act which brought about an alienation from the Hierarchy of Rome and the formation of a new church, of which the King of England was the recognized head.

Of Anne he tired in about six years, and for "crimes and misdemeanors," trumped up for the purpose, she was condemned and beheaded in May, 1536—opening the way for Henry's marriage with the lovely Jane Seymour; while dying with a fourth wife, left the gross monarch free for a fourth. For her he found in Anne of Cleves a Dutch woman—whom he had never seen but wed for mere interest. She came; he saw, and was greatly disappointed, yet had to marry; but in revenge he beheaded the prime minister who had negotiated the match, and then had the alliance with the Dutch woman annulled by a mutual agreement, she taking £3,000 per year on which to live in retirement in England, as the repudiated Catherine lived.

Henry had, of course, found a new flame—this time in Catherine Howard, niece of the great Duke of Norfolk; but only a few weeks was she queen, for, having proofs of her infidelities before marriage, his "honor" demanded her sacrifice and she was beheaded. A year later he espoused a widow, Catherine Parr. This wife he tried to impeach, but she was too good for him, and the old monster died (1547) as he could add another wife to his scandalous record.

By Catherine of Spain he had several children, but only the Princess Mary lived to womanhood, to become Queen of England and known as "Bloody Mary." By Anne Boleyn he had one daughter, Elizabeth—the "Good Queen Bess" of the courtier historians. By Jane Seymour he had one son, who reigned after his father's death as Edward VI. By his other wives he had no issue. So the succession followed through Edward (1547) to Mary (1553), the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey reigning but ten days, after Edward's death, and from Mary to Elizabeth, who ascended the throne in January, 1559—then being twenty-six years of age.

Elizabeth's childhood and girlhood were passed in comparative seclusion, but under good masters, through whose instruction she advanced rapidly in the learning of the times. Says the historian Camden:

"She was in great grace and favor with King Edward, her father, as likewise in singular esteem with the nobility and gentry. She was of a mirable beauty and well deserving a crown of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; insomuch as before she was seventeen

years of age she understood well the Latin, French and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly and play handsomely on the lute."

That one so well qualified, and with the not remote promise of succession to the throne, should be sought in marriage is not strange. Many were the plans and intrigues of state to see her well wed—the Protestant or new church faction wishing her to marry at home; the old church faction, who looked to Mary for their hope of restoration to power, earnestly desired Elizabeth wed to some foreigner who would take her off the country. But, she had a will and a way of her own, and never found one of the proposed alliances to her taste; so remained single, as also did her Roman Catholic half-sister Mary, until after her accession to the throne, when she wed her cousin, Philip of Spain.

These two women by the force of circumstances became antagonists. Representing the two factions, which were about evenly balanced in wealth and strength, there was danger for Mary in Elizabeth's candidacy; and when Mary came to power, in 1553, the new queen was not long in finding a pretext for sending the child of Anne Boleyn to the Tower (March 11th, 1554), from whence Elizabeth expected to come forth only to walk to the headsman's block, where her mother had perished. But, stained as was Mary's soul with the blood of many victims, sent to the block, stake and dungeon, she shrank from ordering an innocent sister's death; and the girl went forth again, in May, to reside in the home of an appointed jailor, whence she was removed, still under surveillance, to the royal palace at Hatfield. There she remained until Mary's death (Nov. 17th, 1558), comporting herself, we are told, with such obedience and subordination to the Catholic guardians placed over her, that, when Mary's death was announced, there was no hesitancy of party in power to admit her succession. She went up to London Nov. 23d to be received with great demonstrations of joy by people of all ranks and classes. On the 28th she made a grand public progress through the city; and though not formally crowned until January 15th, 1559, commenced at once to exercise her prerogatives as queen.

She quickly betrayed her fitness to command by assuming a mastery over her able council. Little by little the Church of England party was given the supremacy. Parliament, obedient to her request, formally restored to the crown the jurisdiction over ecclesiastical and spiritual estates established by Henry but nullified by Mary. She reformed and the use of King Edward's "Book of Common Prayer," and the liturgical worship was generally performed, in English, throughout all England on Whitsunday (May 8th, 1559).

Immense excitement of course ensued; but, sustained by men, chosen with marvelous sagacity by the queen, she pressed on until she virtually became a recognized head of the schismatics or Protestants in all Europe. Before she had shown her purposes fully she was sought in marriage by Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary; but this alliance, for various reasons, she treated with an indifference which aroused that most powerful monarch's hostility, and for years thereafter the world watched with deep interest the attitude of these two unbending, haughty and bigoted champions of opposing systems. While it nominally was a struggle of monarchs and opposing systems, after all it was the old nature of England against France. Elizabeth found at her call a race of men whose skill and daring excited her to a more than queenly enthusiasm over their brilliant exploits by sea. Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Howard and Cavendish covered the name of Briton with glory; and on her real heroes as well as upon the favorites with whom her name has been associated in no creditable manner.

Though arbitrary, dictatorial, self-willed and selfish; though she farmed out monopolies in a most gross and oppressive manner; though she retained in high office and authority numerous men of bad character; though she was always mean, merciful and treacherous, yet did she command at all times beat in mind the greatness of her kingdom, and strive, sedulously, to make the English people, as a people, prosperous and happy.

Her wonderful success of course was largely due to her own strength of character and the devotion which it inspired in her subjects; but it must not be forgotten that the age itself was ripe for change, progress and expansion. The New World was just opening its shadowy realm to occupation, and pouring a steady stream of riches into European coffers. The rivalry of nations in adventure, discovery and traffic called into sudden life the best energies of men and governments. The upheaving of the Reformation turned toward England thousands of admirable workers in the arts and manufactures, whose skill made England in one generation become a center of aptest artisanship and invention.

And, in consonance with this sudden outburst of enterprise, and astonishing assertion of individual energy, there came a greater marvel in the appearance of a race of thinkers and writers whose fame will live forever—Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Spenser, Hooker; and who, by their forming ideas, laid deep the substructure upon which English literature, philosophy and theology have built so grandly.

All these elements were not of Elizabeth's creation, nor even of her molding. They came out of the era, the times, and the situation, and would have been active under any queen or king; but Elizabeth was wise enough to detect their quality and value, vitalize them by application, and lead them to a new life. She flourished and strengthened until, at her death in 1603, after a reign of forty-four years, the English language, literature and thought obtained an ascendancy which greatly amazed the older nationalities and more polished peoples.

To trace in detail the events of such a reign were quite impossible in a necessarily limited sketch. The woman as woman, and Elizabeth as queen alone, is a theme for a volume. She was a typical woman—with characteristics so strongly defined that there is really no difficulty in reading the story and moral of her life. She was very gross; so were her era. She was very vain; so were lords and ladies at all the courts. She was red-headed, freckled, ugly-limbed, rough-featured and graceless, sprouting from that vivid green pillar. Decidedly, "If Miss Diane has lilies, get them, unless—." He half smiled at Maud, who returned the look.

"You mean to reprove me for not have offered my one solitary spray of three lilies to the church, Mr. Secretan. Of course you know I have them, as they are in full view to every passer by my window, but I had intended them for a different destination. They have been nursed into bloom for a friend." That exquisite blush-rose tint came faintly in her face, and her voice lowered a tone; and somehow, Ellis Secretan felt that her Easter lilies had been reared for him.

It might have been presumption, it might have been the sudden birth of false hopes, but it was joy unspeakable to him to let the blessed thought reveal in her eyes.

"My dear, lovely lily herself, my Easter treasure, my darling! Oh, God grant she may be my darling!" The voiceless prayer went up from his heart as Mabel's answer to Maud came.

"I shall feel most horribly if my one poor little calla is to be overlooked in the general donation. Mr. Secretan, isn't it rather singular that I, too, have been coaxing a refractory bud into flower, to present to a dear friend on Easter morning? But, I shall give it to the church, after all. I shall bring it and add my little personal share to the floral decorations. Praise me, Mr. Secretan."

She was so arch, so coquettish, so handsome, that it would have been strange had not Mr. Secretan admired her as she stood there so

AN EDEN GLIMPSE.

ACROSTIC SONNET.

BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

For but a second, when I saw thee first,  
A fleeting second merely, did I seem;  
Newly awaked from many a year of dream;  
Nor knew I from that time, but as erst,  
I saw a morn of beauty on my brest.  
Then, as I gazed, I saw thy celestial beam  
Dark lash-enshaded by wavy flowing gleam.  
Ever since then my cares have been dispersed!  
Vision most charming of life Eden-prime!  
And thou, sweet lily, whose exquisite face,  
Took as right a form of matchless grace,  
Lately brought back to me by morning time,  
Ever may happiness thy life-course grace  
Each footstep drawing near an endless home

distant in the purple-gray dusk that was gathering like a delicate veil of mist. And Maud, looking from Mabel's impassioned eyes that scarcely concealed their secret, Mr. Secretan's bright countenance—bright from a reflex of his own sweet thoughts concerning herself, far more than from the very human admiration Mabel's eyes elicited, Maud thought, with a swift pang of pain, after the fond girlish dreams she had permitted herself to enjoy, after all the kindness Mr. Secretan had shown her, after all the vague happiness that had, somehow, experienced, in connection with him, it had been nothing but dreams, and only kindness, and certainly very vague vagueness. Of course he cared for beautiful Mabel Trenchard, with her elegance of manner, her beauty of person, her artistic voice, her prospects of substantial worth.

And then Maud turned away down the center aisle, with a dull pain at her soul that was not lessened by the rector's voice, pleasant, gently, and to her, so indifferent.

"I think Miss Esmond, that as Miss Trenchard has kindly donated her lily, you had better add her to your donation, and give yours to your friend. My word is, if they will be appreciated as a precious Easter token."

What sarcasm of mockery, when he was the friend to whom she had dared dream she would present them!

There was a quiver in her voice as she answered him—a quiver so resolutely overcome by womanly pride and resentment that he heard only the coldness.

"I am not sure I shall take your advice, Mr. Secretan. Why is it nearly dark?"

And as they stepped outside, Mr. Secretan thought he must have been mistaken after all about the disposal of her lilies.

He lingered a moment to talk with Mabel about the service of song for the morning, and Maud sauntered leisurely along until Mabel should overtake her which she did, with hurried step, a moment later, and flushing cheeks.

"We shall be obliged to hurry—at least I shall, for Mr. Secretan wishes me to be back with my one poor little lily at seven exactly. He said he wished particularly to see me—oh, Maud, if—"

He told her hopes, her expectations as eloquently as words could have done. Maud's heart beat unsteadily a moment, then she answered her.

"Mr. Secretan could mean but one thing if he said he especially wished to see you. You will be the happiest woman the Easter morn will shine on, Mabel."

And after the two had parted at the corner where the ways diverged, Mabel went home with excitement flashing in her eyes, and a look that was not rest or peace—or the promise of joy on her face.

"If she chose to misrepresent me, is it my fault? Is not to-night as good a time as ever to her to understand what I intend shall be a fact before long?" Mr. Secretan does wish specially to see me—and the tenor, to suggest a slight change in the opening anthem. If Maud looks very well, Miss Esmond, does it not?

And Maud walked quickly home, and bent her tearless eyes over her lilies whose blooming had been such a precious toil of pleasure for his sake.

"My poor blossoms! He will not care for you or for me! Your beauty, that was to please him alone, shall not be lost. You shall come with me."

She talked to them as some finely-strung women have a way of talking to their flowers, as though their grace and beauty and fragrance were tokens of sentient knowledge and appreciation.

Then, a while later—long after the appointed hour when Mabel had been to the dimly-lighted, solemn old church with her one lily, and placed it where it was needed; when Mr. Secretan and Mr. Thorne, the tenor, had stood by and critiqued lightly, and the three had adjourned to the organ in the rectory adjoining, and after an hour of practice, Mr. Thorne had escorted Mabel home—Mabel, thoroughly disgusted and chagrined and not a little conscience-stricken after all this had happened, while Maud had been fighting down the anguish and distress in her poor tempest-tossed heart, then she carefully set out her well-preserved Easter lilies, and wrapped them in oil silk and tissue paper, and slipped quietly out and down the steps to the dear old church, where, on the Morrow, she would sing her sad minor strains in the opening anthem—strains as typical of her own heart as would Mabel's be in the closing solo—grand, joyous, triumphant, victorious.

The door was ajar, and several lights were burning dimly. She stole up the deserted aisle, the tears springing to her sweet gray eyes as she remembered the dreams and the awakening from the dreams she had known beneath that arched roof.

She unwrapped her lilies—so snowy pure, so exquisitely perfect; she touched them with her quivering lips, and then—as the pity of it all overcame her, the disappointment of it all surged in her thrills of pain over her, she threw them down on the steps, and covered her face with her hands, half-able to stand from sheer agitation and the passion of tears that came gushing through her fingers.

Until Ellis Secretan came suddenly upon her, and touched her hands with his own, and spoke to her.

"Maud! What troubles you? You can tell me and let me help you bear it?"

His sweet, sympathetic voice stabbed her deeper yet—that dear voice that had whispered love-words to Mabel Trenchard!

She drew away from him.

"I have no trouble that you can remove, Mr. Secretan. I came to bring my lilies."

He stooped and picked them up.

"The happy flowers you were intending for your dear friend of course? Do you know, Maud—forget me not—I do not know you I was so foolish as to hope those lilies for her—me?"

There was no mistaking his tone, his manner. Even old Mr. Hart, the sexton, standing an aisle away, dusting a pew-back vigorously, would have understood the passion in the tone.

Maud looked up, almost aghast.

"Mr. Secretan!—you thought—I meant you—oh, how can you say so? Please, don't make me any more unhappy than I am by thinking you dare talk so to me, after—after loving Mabel!"

Poor girl! She was awkward in proportion as she was astonished. He listened, puzzled, a glint of light in his face that lightened as she spoke. As she finished he actually smiled.

"So you thought I loved Miss Trenchard, did you, little girl? And the knowledge made you happy? I think God's for that, Maud. My darling, my love—if you will have it so—Maud, dear, I don't know how you came to believe I cared for Miss Trenchard, but you are mistaken. It is you, little girl, and has been only you ever since I first knew you! Now tell me it was I whom you meant to have the lilies—I, darling, because you loved me—because you love me now, and will add new joy to the glory of Easter morning by promising to be my precious wife!"

She stood breathless; a perfect flood of rose and golden light seemed pouring into her soul. Her tears were flowing faster than before, but instead of the bitter drops wrung from an aching heart, they were the crystal overflow of an almost unendurable happiness.

She listened while he plead his cause so well, then lifted her sail-like eyes, that were irradiated with the glow within.

"How I should like to call upon her!" thought the young marchioness.

Then the star of the evening again appeared, and she was absorbed in the music.

As she came out, at the conclusion of the opera, their course was stopped by several acquaintances. Some little delay occurred near the door; and quite unexpectedly a half-close young Lady Estonbury found herself close enough to the young girl she had observed in the box to have a good view of her face. She felt sure of its "wild rose sweetness."

Alicia was surrounded by attendant gentlemen; but never did girl seem more unconscious of the admiration she excited. She was leaning on the arm of Sir Victor Wilder, and on the other side of her stood a majestic-looking lady, a peeress well known in the highest circles, who was attended by Lord Swinton.

For one instant the eyes of young Lady Estonbury met those of the fair girl, and each seemed to find in the other some attraction of the kind not expressed in ordinary acquaintanceship. Alicia's rosy lips parted in a half-smile, and Helen bowed slightly, and felt the warm color rush to her face. Neither could imagine the influence of the few words to be exercised over the destinies of the other!

The young girl hurried her daughter forward, and the cry of "Lady Estonbury's carriage" was presently heard.

As the ladies ascended the stairs to their sleeping apartments, the young marchioness saw Mrs. Chisholm coming out of her mother's dressing-room. The dame turned back into the room and remained there. Helen was wondering what it could mean. Chisholm was no longer one of the household, and not a frequent visitor.

Helen had not forgotten her resolution, nor the solemn vow she had taken on the eve of her marriage, though she had never told her mother, mentioned the name of Reginald.

She resolved to lose no time in learning what news the discharged maid had brought; for she had performed her errand and had something to do with him.

She came into the dowager's dressing-room the next morning, and asked at once the question she longed to ask; frankly avowing, when taxed by Lady Estonbury, that her interest in Reginald prompted her to ask it.

"You ought to be ashamed, Helen," her mother added, "to care for another man than your husband to whom your love belongs."

"Mother, listen to me," said the young marchioness emphatically. "You are mistaken in supposing I love Reginald Holmes."

He was by that name, and Helen had learned the fact.

"Indeed, I feared it," said her mother. "You comfort me by the assurance that you have forgotten him."

"Nor have I forgotten him, mamma. But I know that to love him as I once did would be a sin; and I have schooled my heart. If I were free at this moment, and you gave consent, I would not marry him."

"I am glad to hear you speak so, Helen."

"But I am still interested in his fortunes—in his future. I am pledged to watch over it as if he were my own brother."

"That is but natural, child, since you were brought up together. You will be glad, then, to hear of his success."

"Tell me of it, mamma."

"Our neighbor has been to see him."

"He is in London, then?"

"You are studying law; he has a great talent for the law, I understand."

"Well—go on!"

"Mr. Chisholm heard that he was aided by some Scottish friends, and naturally he wished to share in his good prospects."

"By what right?" asked Helen, quickly.

"Helen, you forget that the Chisholms are Reginald's parents."

"I know enough to convince me that they are not his parents," was the prompt answer.

The dowager grew very pale and grasped her daughter's arm.

"Helen, have you ever communicated to Reginald your doubts on this subject?"

"I another! I have never seen nor spoken to Reginald since we parted at the Court."

"Nor written—nor sent message to him?"

"Neither."

"Beware how you do so, girl! But somehow, he has the same notion. When Chisholm claimed from him a sum of money for his and his wife's support, he was coldly refused. When his wife—my maid that was—went to him to crave help on the score of relationship, he disowned her! He refused to believe she was his mother."

"On what ground?"

"His own feelings—his inward conviction."

"He is right!" cried Lady Estonbury, clasping her hands.

"Silly girl, you defend such unnatural conduct!"

"You know why I do not think he is their son. He had not the 'strawberry birth-mark,' you know."

"Helen!" cried her mother, white with rage.

"If you ever dare allude to that again, you will offend me past forgiveness!"

"It was Chisholm I heard mention it as belonging to her boy."

"Silence! or I shall tell you no more."

"I will be silent. So he disowned the Chisholms?"

"Entirely; they could only get one promise from him."

"What was that?"

"That they might take and enjoy whatever it might please Lord Estonbury to bestow on him."

"Nay, mother, I know Reginald never so worded it."

"Why, my Lady Incredulous, how do you know that?"

"Because Reginald promptly declined your offer, and my lord's, of an independence. He would not, after that, make any claim."

"Chisholm, the woman I mean, spoke of your husband's willingness to assist him; and he spurned at it, as before."

"That is it, indeed."

"Then she asked if he were willing they should receive my lord's bounty, as they needed it."

"What was he?"

"That he had no claim to anything, nor would he accept anything. If they received aid from my lord it must be independent of all claims on his part, and not founded on any supposed relationship to him."

"He was right."

The dowager flashed a glance of anger on her daughter.

"She sent Chisholm away, bidding her—the unnatural monster!—never come into his presence again. But she will ask my lord for the provision the misguided young man refused."

Helen made no reply.

"Have you any objection to that?"

"I do not know," she answered, musingly.

"At least, if Chisholm obtains money from Lord Estonbury, you will not oppose his liberality."

"No—I will not; I do not care what he gives the man or his wife."

"It was scandalous in Reginald to refuse them assistance. He is already making money by his labors; and then he is known to be intimate with the rich merchant—the India man."

"Who?" asked the young lady.

"His name is Wallrade, I understand, though I never saw him. He is rich, but does not bear a good character."

"And Reginald is intimate with him!"

"I have heard so. His money will cover a multitude of sins, in the eyes of a needy young man."

Helen had risen to leave the room, but turned back at the door, face flushed with anger.

"You mean, mother, that Reginald will be the friend of a bad man because he is rich," she said. "You say what is not the truth. It is not his nature. Nor would he have cast off the Chisholms, had he not been firmly convinced they had imposed on him a lie and a fraud. You know, mother, as well as I do, that he is not their son."

She left the room without another look at the dowager, who sunk into her chair, faint and trembling; her lips articulating the words:

"Can she suspect? Impossible! She knows nothing! If she did, would she drag ruin upon her own head?"

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

A NEW FRIEND.

In the room next to that occupied by Reginald at the Temple, a strange, elderly man passed many hours of every day. It was a sort of office in which he kept his papers and occasionally received a visit; sometimes, in bad weather, lodging there.

Reginald had often met him on the stairs, and had several times rendered trifling services, such as supplying him with matches, inviting him to warm himself by his fire; lending him paper, and ink when he happened to have none; offering the morning *Times*, etc. He saw the traces of suffering in the shrunken and slightly-bent form, the deeply-lined features and sallow complexion; these were sufficient to interest him for his compassion was readily drawn out by the evidence of sorrow or trouble of any kind.

The stranger had once or twice seemed on the verge of confidence; of communication beyond the cold commonplaces of mere recognition; and the young man was ready to make his acquaintance. Then he had suddenly and unaccountably drawn back into silence.

Reginald, who had been interested in his intelligent countenance and the manner, so eager and impulsive that it betrayed his foreign birth, thought this strange, but he made no effort to overtake the reserve.

One day, seeing the man go down-stairs before him, he had pointed him out to his friend, Frank Ralston. On a subsequent visit young Ralston remarked, carelessly:

"I heard something that surprised me concerning your neighbor. The old man is very rich."

"Indeed?"

"You would not think so, from his plain dress, and his having a home here."

"His attire, though not costly, is always neat," returned Reginald. "And he has the air of a man burdened with cares. Your poor man is free from them, you know."

"He made his fortune in India, I understand."

"He is not an Englishman?"

"No; a German by birth; a thrifty person, like many of his nation."

"It is said he remains in London."

"How may he be looking for an heir to his money."

"Or rather an heiress."

"Wanting to adopt a daughter, or to marry?"

"Hardly the last, with such a face and figure. But I heard nothing definite. You had best cultivate him," added Frank, laughing.

"Thank you; the business of heritage-hunting has no attractions for me. What you say, however, explains the reasons of his deportment toward me."

"On your own confession?"

"Chiefly that; but most of the bank-notes, the numbers of which were marked, were identified and traced to me; I was sentenced to the punishment of theft; but my friend, who had all along been confident of the truth of my statement, and had suffered terribly from the proceedings he had no power to stop, was indefatigable in my behalf. He obtained a pardon for me."

"It is some thirty-five years ago that I was tried, as I told you; it was soon after I came to live in London. I was in pressing need of money, on an emergency that admitted of no delay. I called upon a friend, who belonged to my regiment—for I had enlisted as a soldier—to borrow a few guineas. He was absent. In haste and desperation I opened his escritoire and took out ten pounds, leaving a note to say I had borrowed it and would soon pay it back. I was gone some days, and when I returned, I found the regiment in a ferment. The robbery had been discovered, and the servant of my friend was in prison, charged with the theft."

"Played—at cards?"

"You are shocked! Well—I deserve blame. I used to play in Germany; and the excitement was a solace to me. I never risk large sums, however; and all I win is given to the poor."

"It is a dangerous practice."

"With a young man; hardly with me. What can I do, without an object of interest in life?"

"Make one for yourself. You may find an excellent material."

"Too late! too late! Only one hope remains."

"What is that?"

"The beauteous young lady who once gave me hope when most in despair; who gave me energy to commence a new life; I panted to do something for her. She is dead. But she has left a child; a daughter; lovely as herself, and as full, no doubt, of tender compassion. Her father, I hear, has lost a large part of the fortune his ancestors enjoyed; and what he has is strictly entailed on the male heir. He has no son. His daughter, therefore, will be unprovided for."

"Ha! there is an object for your energies, for your gratitude."

"Is it so easy to go to this young and lovely creature? Lay out my fortune at her feet, and it will be changed from me; but I did not. Very few remember me after so many years. My fault was forgotten. I had my ample fortune, safe in the bank that held the deposits of my mercantile house. Only one amusement I suffered to become a pastime, and that has procured me the reprobation of the serious."

"A pardon! a poor compensation for the brand of crime!"

"So I thought; and I resolved to leave the country. I could not live in England with a sullied reputation; and my reckless impatience had deserved some punishment. My friend procured me a clerkship in a mercantile house and I went to India."

"And this was all!" exclaimed Reginald.

"You were not guilty of crime. There is no reason why you should shun the association of honorable men, on account of that early indiscretion."

He grasped Wallrade's hand with cordiality. The old man had given him a grateful look, as he proceeded.

"If he is rich, he naturally avoids the poor, who might become troublesome. He shrinks from a penniless young man, situated as I am."

"The greater fool if he does! Your friend, my boy, would do honor to a prince!"

"You have a princely soul, Frank, to think so; but others will judge me according to my circumstances. To change the subject, I have an invitation for you. Here."

They had entered the office, and Reginald took a dainty rose-colored card from a pile of papers.

"To Lady Brandon's—for Thursday."

"I owe this to you, old fellow!" cried Frank.

"Her ladyship is one of the few whose kindness has followed me in spite of my fall," said Reginald, gratefully. "If I went into any society, I would approach her ball. You shall bear my excuse."

"But you must go."

Reginald shook his head, with a grave smile.

"Let me tell you, where I saw her ladyship's carriage on Saturday. At— Hotel in Berke-

ley square. You know who lodges there?"

"I do not know," replied Reginald.

"Baron Swinton and his daughter. I heard her ladyship's footman inquire for them."

A flush overswept the young law-student's face.

"I knew they were in London," he said.

"They are lodgings at that hotel; and Lady Brandon visits them. They will be—at least the young lady will be—at her house on Thursday."

"The more reason I should not go. I have resolved not to claim the acquaintance of—of the baron till I am in a position to meet him—on a footing of equality."

"You are so now, Reginald. Do genius, industry, mental power of the highest kind—noble integrity of character, constitute no claim?"

"I see what you are thinking of; you are mistaken. There was no love in the case. The lady—she was very young—almost a child—puzzled me as the angels pity the doomed; I worshipped her as a patron saint. Years afterward I heard of her marriage to a noble lord; and I ventured to seek from India a rich shawl, manufactured for a princess—of which I begged her acceptance."

"I served my employers well; I was made a partner; I became rich. My birth was unknown; I was esteemed among all who knew me. I formed a connection with one young Englishman of noble family, who was an officer in the army; but compelled to leave it on account of failing health. I nursed him through a severe illness; and he persuaded me to accompany him to England, when he was ordered home."

"Frank drew a paper from his pocket, and handed it to Reginal

and thought. Home, food and rest would have been their one desire. But when the regular, measured bay changed to a rapid, continuous clangor, the lads turned the horses free to find their own way home, and grasping their never absent rifles, started away in the direction of the chase.

Experience told them that the old hound was after no piebald game, and they knew, too, that he was running by eye, rather than by scent alone.

They had run two hundred yards, there came a fierce yelping cry, a snarl, the sounds of a sharp short scuffle; then, at brief intervals, the excited bark of the old hound.

They knew that the game had turned to bay, that old Hector had dashed in and been beaten off, and that he was now calling for help to rescue the quarry he had brought to a standstill. A noble stag, a huge timber wolf, or some nobler game; if nothing less awaited them, the hound would never have been driven off once he had closed with it.

If you are a true hunter at heart, you can imagine the emotions which swelled the bosoms of these lads, as they rushed forward at top speed: not unless.

They were too eager. The game heard their hasty footfalls, and turned to seek safety in renewed flight, old Hector close upon its heels. Saxon caught one glimpse of the long gray body as it glided across the open ground, and throwing forward his rifle, made a snap-shot, fearing he would not get another chance.

At the sharp report, the animal leaped far ahead, as though sharply stung, and Saul saw by the fresh blood upon the dry grass that his lead had not been entirely wasted, and the boys pressed on with renewed energy, guided by the excited yelping of the trusty old hound.

"We'll git him yet!" panted Saul. "He's talkin' to the Spilt Hill, I'm 'most sartin."

"What was it? I couldn't see."

"A gray wolf, I reckon. Whalin' big one, though."

No more was said. A steady run of a mile, carrying a heavy rifle, is no easy task for a man. Fortunately the end was near at hand. Once more old Hector sent up a series of rapid, excited yelpings. The game was brought to bay, driven to earth or else treed.

Spilt Hill was a natural curiosity, and doubly remarkable from being situated in the midst of a low, flat region, where a mole-hill is almost a mountain. Imagine a perfect cone, a hundred feet high, split directly in half, from apex to base, and one portion of it entirely obliterated, leaving the other moiety a solitary monument upon the level, sandy plain. The cliff thus formed was of almost solid rock, not even a vine clinging to its face. The rounded side was tolerably well covered with stunted trees, bushes and vines.

From the extreme summit of this curious elevation came the excited voice of old Hector, and without pausing a moment, or even a calculation of the distance they might be running, the brothers scaled the hill. A genuine surprise awaited them.

The apex was crowned by one huge, bushy-crested tree, the gnarled trunk of which was so bent that the limbs protruded far over the rocky precipice. Old Hector was standing with his fore-feet resting against the trunk of this tree, his blazing eyes riveted upon the dense foliage above and beyond. The game was treed, beyond a doubt, for, as they drew near, the boys both heard a scrambling sound as though the animal was retreating still further into the leafy covert.

"But wolves can't climb a tree!" exclaimed David, sorely puzzled.

"This one kin, but mebbe 'tain't a wolf," returned Saul, scratching his head dubiously. "I don't see how we're goin' to git at him, though."

It was now dusk and rapidly growing dark. The thin rim of the new moon would soon disappear. Their keenest glances could not discover the animal.

"Kin we build a fire," suggested David.

"Ain't got no matches," but David produced two, and five minutes later the bright blaze was leaping high above the pile of brush.

From every possible point of view the boys endeavored to catch a glimpse of the strange animal, but in vain. Still Saul would not give up.

"You go home an' git somethin' to eat, Dave. Take old Hec, along. Mother'll be skeered to stay all by herself. She'll do the chores fer once. We'll pay for this long run, or it takes a week."

David willingly agreed, though Hector was very reluctant to abandon his quarry. An hour later the lad returned, bearing an ample supply of food.

The brothers settled down beside the fire, eating, talking and watching for some signs of the strange animal. For an hour or two all went well enough, but then their eyelids grew heavy with sleep. They had been hard at work since early dawn, and growing boys must sleep at all hazards. What followed was natural enough. Before ten o'clock the brothers were sound asleep, nor did they awaken until broad daylight.

And then—their game was gone! They could see where it had leaped from the trunk to the ground, its long claws deeply sooring the earth, not a dozen feet from where they had been sleeping. Why, it had attacked them! That was the thought that could not leave them.

They longed to follow the trail, but that was out of the question. Their day's work must be done, and that they set about it without a murmur, in my opinion, goes far to prove their right to the title I have given them.

For nearly a week nothing more was heard or seen of the strange animal. One of the neighbors, a mighty hunter in his younger days, to whom the boys told the story of their adventure, and who took the trouble to visit Spilt Hill to examine the tracks, declared that the creature was none other than a panther of the largest size. He could not understand how the boys had escaped so easily, especially as the animal was wounded. Their escape was one in a thousand.

The widow and her sons had gone to bed early, after a hard day's work, but early in the night they were awakened from sleep by a hideous clamor. Old Hector was yelping furiously. The fatterning hog was squealing fit to cut its throat. The horses were snorting and kicking as though they meant to demolish their rude stable.

Saul and David, half-asleep, scrambled down from the loft where they slept, and grasping their rifles, opened the door and rushed forth. As they ran around the corner of the house, shouting encouragement to the hound, they caught a glimpse of something just leaping out of the pig-pen, but before they could lift a weapon, the prime cause of all this nocturnal disturbance ran nimbly up the old live-oak tree which formed one corner of the stable. It circled with fiery eyes around the head of the beast.

"It's that old painter!" and as he spoke, Saul endeavored to draw a bead upon the animal. It was too dark for him to see the sights, and now that he knew how dangerous the creature was, he dare not risk an uncertain shot.

"Tell mother to fetch the lantern," he muttered to David.

This was the scene I beheld, as, belated, I neared the cabin. A tall, handsome woman in a night-dress and barefooted, holding a lantern a strong force of Indians were riding rapidly up the valley, but drew rein as a footman ran swiftly toward them. There appeared to be a brief interchange of words, then the new-comers dismounted, tethered their horses and disappeared among the bushes and boulders. Breathlessly Colonel Markham eyed them, looking for, yet dreading to recognize his idolized daughter among them, but in vain. If there, she was kept hidden from his gaze.

"Better if we had charged them at first," muttered the surgeon, at Markham's elbow. "They outnumber us three to one now, with every advantage of position."

"How many men have we—fit for work?" "Thirty-one, all told. Obermeyer is hard hit—dying, I fear," replied the surgeon.

### THE NIGHT-TIDE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Oh, Night, thy touch is kindly laid  
Upon the fevered lids which sleep,  
And straightway they close down in sleep,  
And all their rainy tears are stayed!

Thou breathest to the mourner's heart—  
The tender blessing of thy breath—  
Wherein their peace comes back in part.

The hearts of good that war with ill,  
The hearts of ill that war with good,  
Strifeless and passionless and subdued,  
Put on the mantle and are still.

Come softly and come fairily;  
Welcome and come, oh, Night, so dumb!  
With star and starlit, welcome and come  
And vail the fire that is in me!

Make dark my sight till I forget  
The wrong around me; let me sleep,  
Forgetful, till the morning creeps  
Millennial-like on my regret!

### Happy Jack;

OR,

#### The White Chief of the Sioux.

ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

PLACING implicit confidence in his scouts, who had returned and reported that the way was clear and open, Colonel Markham had led his men directly into the trap set for him by the White Sioux, suspecting nothing until that ringing whoop filled the air—until rifle and pistol united in one withering volley, moving down horse and rider in one hideous swath. And without giving the ambushed soldiers time for breath, the White Sioux led his braves to the charge, and white men and red joined in a fierce, merciless death-grapple.

High above the devilish clamor rung the voice of the White Sioux, and bold though he undeniably was, Colonel Markham shuddered as he heard the words commanding the savages to capture, not slay him. Right well he knew what that foreboded, and as the tall form of the white Indian slowly fought his way toward him he emptied the chambers of one revolver in swift succession, and as his dread for staggered back and fell, a hoarse shout of triumph broke from his lips.

With the fall of their chief, the Sioux braves seemed to lose a portion of their fire and impetuosity, and the soldiers, with a united effort, succeeded in cutting their way through the toils. For a few moments it bade fair to become a hot retreat, for the deadly surprise had greatly magnified the numbers of their foes, but dashingly through the crowd of fugitives, Colonel Markham came in rallying them. Even in that hour of intense excitement, the thought of "Proceed; you are growing quite interesting," sneered Markham.

"I have just seventy-two braves fit for service, under my command, at present. You can see for yourself that their rifles command your position, and a very little reflection will show you that, if I say the word, they can pick you off one by one, without running the slightest risk themselves."

"If this is so—why I deny—why are you taking so much trouble? Why come here and beg for what is your own? Bah! your statements are contradictory."

"You wish to know *why*? That is easy told. A chance bullet will cut you off—and I am not ready for you to die yet."

Slowly these words were enunciated, and with such a deep, intense malignity that the soldier's heart grew cold as he listened. Right well he knew the meaning of his enemy. But his voice was steady when he replied:

"What terms do you offer?"

"The life of one man for those of a score. Your men are at liberty to depart, but they must first surrender you into my hands," was the prompt response.

"You shall take your answer straight from the lips of my men," and Markham laughed, shortly. "You have heard, boys; you are free to ride away, if you will only give me over to that fellow. Speak out—and speak freely!"

One loud yell of derision arose. Markham snarled grimly as he again faced the White Sioux.

"You have your answer. Go back to your red-skinned dogs and say that we dare them to come and take us!"

The White Sioux made no answer in words, but waved the flag of truce high above his head. As though by magic a slender figure appeared upon the black boulder—the figure of a white girl—of Kate Markham, her arms stretched appealingly toward the spot where her parent stood. A bitter groan broke from the soldier's lips as he recognized his child, and realized how helpless he was to aid her.

"Man—devil!" he gasped. "Release her—let her go free, unharmed, and I will surrender—myself, if you will, but spare her!"

"You will be free, but your life and her life belong to me," coldly uttered the chief.

"Those are the only conditions I can offer. What white blood I have shed has been at the attempt to capture you. My hour has come at last, and you are spared. I give you until sunset to decide. If you do not surrender yourself, your daughter will be bound to the rock upon which she stands, and burned to death!"

Without another word the White Sioux turned and strode rapidly toward his braves.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Markham stared moodily before him. The prospect was black, indeed, and he could see no way out of the toils.

"We can only wait and sell our lives as dearly as possible," he said, after a pause. "There's not enough horses to mount us all. We must fight the Indians, and until help comes from the fort—Blake may grow uneasy at our prolonged absence, and send out a scout." But it was plain that the colonel had little hope of this possibility ever coming to pass.

"Look! what on earth—a white flag, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Hurlburt, pointing to where a white cloth was moving to and fro above a black boulder.

"It may be a trick, but you may as well answer it. At any rate there will be so much time gained. Give me your handkerchief—mine is red. Now go and see that the men are ready for anything that may turn up."

While hurriedly speaking, Markham was knotting the doctor's handkerchief upon the point of his saber. Lifting his arm, he answered the signal. Immediately a man arose from behind the black boulder, and bearing the flag of truce, boldly advanced toward the barricade. Markham stared sharply, and his florid countenance turned ashy white. In the being before him he recognized the man whom he believed he had slain—his deadliest foe—the White Sioux!

With a violent effort he mastered his emotions enough to cry aloud, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Halt! you are near enough. What is your wish?"

"You are Colonel Westley Markham," came the words, clear and cold. "Good! and I am Leroy Temple!"

"A cashiered officer—a deserter—a murderer, traitor and renegade! You do well to cover your head with a flag of truce!"

"There is one title you have forgotten," and the White Sioux laughed, metallically. "I am an avenger, as well as the rest. But let that pass. I did not come here to bandy epithets with you, but to offer you terms for the lives of our men."

"Proceed; you are growing quite interesting," sneered Markham.

"I have just seventy-two braves fit for service, under my command, at present. You can see for yourself that their rifles command your position, and a very little reflection will show you that, if I say the word, they can pick you off one by one, without running the slightest risk themselves."

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"Man—devil!" he gasped. "Release her—let her go free, unharmed, and I will surrender—myself, if you will, but spare her!"

"You will be free, but your life and her life belong to me," coldly uttered the chief.

"Those are the only conditions I can offer. What white blood I have shed has been at the attempt to capture you. My hour has come at last, and you are spared. I give you until sunset to decide. If you do not surrender yourself, your daughter will be bound to the rock upon which she stands, and burned to death!"

Without another word the White Sioux turned and strode rapidly toward his braves.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

what a clean sweep they could make, now! Look—quick! by the big fire—it's that Ben Watson, by the Eternal!"

Without another word, Bill Comstock—for the reader has already recognized him—grasped the lasso and sidled down the hillside, just as Leapah, the Sioux, broke cover and struck his foot.

Blake may grow uneasy at our prolonged absence, and send out a scout." But it was plain that the colonel had little hope of this possibility ever coming to pass.

"Look! what on earth—a white flag, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Hurlburt, pointing to where a white cloth was moving to and fro above a black boulder.

"It may be a trick, but you may as well answer it. At any rate there will be so much time gained. Give me your handkerchief—mine is red. Now go and see that the men are ready for anything that may turn up."

While hurriedly speaking, Markham was knotting the doctor's handkerchief upon the point of his saber. Lifting his arm, he answered the signal. Immediately a man arose from behind the black boulder, and bearing the flag of truce, boldly advanced toward the barricade. Markham stared sharply, and his florid countenance turned ashy white. In the being before him he recognized the man whom he believed he had slain—his deadliest foe—the White Sioux!

With a violent effort he mastered his emotions enough to cry aloud, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Halt! you are near enough. What is your wish?"

"You are Colonel Westley Markham," came the words, clear and cold. "Good! and I am Leroy Temple!"

"A cashiered officer—a deserter—a murderer, traitor and renegade! You do well to cover your head with a flag of truce!"

"There is one title you have forgotten," and the White Sioux laughed, metallically. "I am an avenger, as well as the rest. But let that pass. I did not come here to bandy epithets with you, but to offer you terms for the lives of our men."

## MY FIRST CALL.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

When first I called on Mary Jane  
How well do I remember:  
The night was light with moon and snow,  
And I was in the snow.  
I knocked at her door, and said, "Mary Jane,  
Was also loudly knocking:  
She took me in and seated me,  
And then I went to rocking.  
At home they said I talked too much—  
Indeed, they said, quite violent;  
But there, with her, I found it was  
Quite easy to silence.  
The door ticked on the mantel-shelf;  
My heart within me pattered;  
But I said nothing but a cough—  
My teeth were all that chattered.  
I'd heard that they who talk too much  
Are oft considered brittle,  
And consequently you'll believe  
That I conversed but little.  
I made a picture on the wall,  
And brushed my hair new clothing;  
I saw that something I must say,  
And learnedly said—nothing.  
The party on the night before:  
A subject good! I'd try it!  
I took a very long breath in  
And then—so very quiet.  
Took a very long breath in, but the theme  
I had been vainly seeking!  
I vowed I would begin at once,  
And sat there without speaking.  
Seatedly sitting there I saw  
My shoes must soon be mended;  
I marked their shape, and then their size—  
A little too extended.  
I thought how sweet was Mary Jane;  
My thoughts were all unspoken;  
I saw that it was nine o'clock—  
The silence was unbroken.  
The household cat before the fire  
Serenely dozed and slumbered;  
I somehow wished I was the cat  
With not a care unnumbered.  
I had a sentimental heart;  
When I was miffed with feeling;  
I counted spuds upon the floor,  
Then looked up at the ceiling.  
I could not think just what to say,  
And thought my wits were straying;  
My feet, too many, I crossed,  
And Mary was crocheting.  
I felt a pang, and then I longed to come;  
I looked and saw her smiling;  
It made me more than ever still;  
My cheeks, I felt them blazing.  
I saw that peaceful visit was  
Unspoiled by any talking.  
I'd naught to say and far to go,  
And thought I'd best be walking.  
I took my hat, and said good-night—  
"I try to be a good boy."  
And proudly felt I had not spoke  
One word that I regretted.

The Diamond-Hunters;  
OR,  
ADRIFT IN BRAZIL.BY C. D. CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLAID," "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON," ETC., ETC.

V.

ON THE BACK TRACK—THE JAGUAR HUNT.  
THREE days later they entered the Indian country, where the Brazilians seldom dared to set their feet. They were soon in the Indian village, and were kindly received and feasted by the people, who had heard that the whites had fought valiantly by the side of Hualta and his men, and had shown that they were not ungrateful for the kindness of the chief in rescuing them from the hands of the soldiers.

But after remaining a few days, they held a consultation and called Hualta into the council. "My brother," said Red Ruy, "you have been very kind to us, and we are not ungrateful, but your ways are not our ways, and we have friends who wait for us."

"My brother cannot go back to Rio," said the chief.

"No, Hualta; but in Montevideo I have friends, and my wife and little ones are there. They and their people look for our return."

"But if my brothers would stay with us the Guarinas would make them very welcome."

"It cannot be."

There was a sad look upon the face of Hualta, but he bowed his head.

"It is enough," he said. "My brothers shall go to their own land, but Hualta will set them on their way."

"We have something to do first. We must find a place where the shining stones which we seek are hidden. The Guarinas do not care for them, but in our own land they will make us great. We must find them, even if we see them at the last."

"Guarinas can show you the place you seek," quietly replied the chief. "But the soldiers might come there and again make you slaves."

"We will take the chances, if you will show us the place."

"Let it be as you say," responded the chief.

"I would not have you leave me; but if it must be so, Hualta is not the man to say no to your wishes. To-morrow we will go."

There was much real grief in the Guarina village, when, at early morning, the three whites, accompanied by thirty or forty warriors, set out upon their journey toward the diamond fields. They marched rapidly, but it was two days before they crossed the mountain range and entered the Mirva Geras, the country in which diamonds were found. They made their camp the first night in the mouth of a mountain pass, close to the place where they had their fight with the dragons.

"It is half a day's march to the river where the shining stones are found," announced the chief, "and the men of Pedro often come this way. I would not leave you in danger without warning."

"We have faced danger before, and it is worth a risk," replied Red Ruy. "Do not fear but we shall take good care of ourselves."

The chief saw that it was useless to waste words, and he at once gave up and set his guards for the night. All around them they could hear the cry of wild beasts and these in great numbers. The bark of the wolf, the shrill cry of the cougar, the roar of the bear, the roar of the jaguar, warned them that animals which were dangerous were prowling about the camp.

"I'd like to see a jaguar," declared Ned. "They say that they are almost as strong as tigers."

"My young brother shall see one," answered Hualta. "Let him take his fire-stick and go with me."

"Count me in!" cried Captain Ralph. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Will you come, too, Red Chief?" the chief asked.

"No," replied Ruy. "Take good care of my two boys, chief."

Ralph and Ned took their rifles and followed the chief. It was a bright moonlight night, and they were nearly as easily distinguishable in the glare of open day. The chief strode on in silence, his only weapon being a stout spear, and carrying a sort of mantle thrown across his arm.

"I will show you how the Indians hunt the jaguar," he said. "The jaguar is brave, but the arm of the Guarina chief is strong."

"You are not afraid of them then?" queried Ned.

"A weak arm cannot lay the jaguar low," was the chief's reply. "When you see him you will know that I have not lied to you."

They passed on through the dim arches of the woods, the chief in advance, and at last came out in an opening in the forest where Hualta paused and signed to them to be silent. Then, raising his fingers to his mouth, he gave utterance to a low, plaintive cry, like that of a wounded deer. Ned started and looked around him, for it seemed to him that the animal was near at hand. Scarcely had the first note

sounded when the roar of some animal was heard in the forest, scarcely five hundred yards away.

"Lie down," ordered the chief, "and see how it is done."

The two white men dropped in the grass, but holding their rifles ready. Again the plaintive cry of the deer was heard, and once more the tremendous roar of the jaguar rent the air. The crash was heard in the bushes, and some great animal had dashed through them and landed upon the greensward within fifty feet of the place where the two hunters crouched, and for the first time they saw that terror of the South American forest—the jaguar.

It was a noble male, with a sleek, shining coat, the black and yellow contrasting beautifully in the light of the moon. The great eyes were blazing like spots of living fire as they were fixed upon the immovable form of the Indian. They saw Hualta, with a quick movement, fling the mantle about the left arm, while his right hand closed more firmly about the handle of the spear, and his eyes never left those of the jaguar.

The animal scarcely seemed to move, but lay upon the grass, his paws outstretched and only the tail gently wavering to and fro, for the steady look of the brave Indian somewhat awed him. Ned, wildly excited, had great difficulty in restraining his desire to fire. His fingers closed convulsively upon the rifle-barrel, and once or twice he half lifted it, for it seemed to him that he could not wait for the rush of the noble beast. But the captain, who knew how impulsive his young friend was, laid a restraining hand upon the boy's arm.

They had not long to wait now, for they saw that Hualta had sunk upon one knee, and with his left arm extended made threatening gestures toward the jaguar, while, at the same time, he uttered the chilling cry which had called the creature to the place.

That seemed to end the hesitation of the savage beast. At once the yellow and black body rose into the air, and at a single bound he seemed to clear half the distance which separated him from the crouching form of Hualta. The Indian held the spear firmly clutched in his

crack of a rifle was heard and the jaguar was seen to turn completely over in the air, and came down upon the head of Captain Ralph, leveling him to the earth. But the next moment he shook off the huge body and rose, entirely unharmed, while Ned ran up with his rifle smoking in his hand. His shot had come just in time, and had doubtless saved the life of the captain.

An hour later they returned to camp, carrying in triumph the beautiful jaguar skins as tokens of their success.

At early morning they broke camp and marched away toward the unknown perils of the distant diamond-fields. Scarcely were they out of sight when they rose above the bushes the ugly face of Estevan Garcia! The villain was again upon their track!

(To be continued—continued in No. 421.)

## Gay Gomez's Wager.

## A LEGEND OF OLD SPAIN.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"The Christians call upon Saint James,  
The Moors upon Mahound:  
There were twelve hundred slain  
All in that little plot of ground."

—OLD BALLAD.

OVER Granada's far-famed walls the Moorish banner waved, but closely circled in was the ancient town by the gaudy pennons of the knights of Leon, Castile and Aragon.

Ferdinand and Isabella had wedded, thus for the first time uniting all of Christian Spain under one government, and with determined sword the allied army had pursued the common foe.

The insolent and overbearing Moor who had since the fatal battle, when doomed Roderick, on the banks of the Guadalete, saw his army melt away like snow before the sun, and the cross go down before the crescent, lorded it over the best part of Spain.

But, little by little, the Spaniards had gained

Following in their leader's track, the band rode to the south of the city, circled round it and then struck off into the interior; they paused not until three good leagues had been covered, and before them rose the dark turrets of a castle.

And then Gomez commanded a halt; the soldiers reined in their steeds; the young Spaniard beckoned Pedro to follow him, and then the two leaders rode forward out of earshot of the troopers.

Torrejon instantly guessed that this mysterious castle, so isolated within the lonely hills which had so strangely affected his friend.

"Know you your tower?" Gomez asked.

"No."

"It is the castle of Miguel de Castro, Marquis de Cantara."

"I have heard the name; an old grandee long since retired from the world, and—"

"I keep sight of it," said Gomez's lips.

"Ah, my friend!" he cried, "I oft have I seen at love's wild, delirious passion, but then I had not seen Zarifa de Castro."

"That is the name of a Moorish maid, and not the fitting appellation for a Christian's daughter!" Torrejon exclaimed in astonishment.

"Her mother was a Saracen girl. Years ago the old knight quarreled with King Ferdinand, left the court in anger and allied himself with the Moors. He married a Moslem girl; but her child, thanks to a holy man who reared her, was brought up secretly in our faith. The old knight, now in his dotage, a short time ago resolved to give his child a husband ere he should depart this life, and in his madness he held a grand encounter-of-arms, the prize of which was this fair Moorish girl. And when the knight took her, he knew that the man, one of the bravest of the Moorish princes. By chance, riding this way, I came across the old friar who educated Zarifa; he told me her story, and introduced Zarifa to the lady. We saw and loved upon the instant. Her father has bound her by oath to wed the Moor, and so I ride by night trusting to

released Zarifa from her oath, and placing her hand within the Spaniard's bade her wed him.

And so the soldier won his bride, and never in the after time, when years came thick upon him, did he regret the result of his battle beneath the moon, nor cease to prize the treasure that his wager won.

## Such a Bargain.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTON.

IT was Saturday morning. A busy day, as all tidy housekeepers know. And in Mrs. Charley Griggs's cosy home busier than usual, for her hired maid had gone home for a few days' visit to a sick mother, and all the household cares devolved upon little Mrs. Susie's own pretty shoulders.

However, she was quick and neat. The parlor and sitting-room and her own little bedroom were swept and dusted, all trim and tidy, at an early hour. She next turned her attention to bringing the dining-room cupboard and closets all into good order. The doors were all open, and the shelves in a state of disarray, when a rap came upon the dining-room door, which opened upon a side porch.

"Expecting to see her next door neighbor, who had come this way, Mrs. Griggs opened the door. But instead of her neighbor, who had brought a huge pack upon his back, and a large basket of china and other ornaments upon his arm.

Without waiting for an invitation he popped his pack down upon the floor, and began to display his basket of wares, endeavoring with a voluble tongue to drive a bargain with Susie.

"I not ask no monish," he said, in broken patois; "you got some old clo'—one, two, three coats, vat de goat man not, never, no more wears? You gits him—if you de pretty vase, eh? You understand? Eh?"

Susie told him she understood, while her eyes were fixed upon a pair of pretty Parian vases, which she greatly desired to own.

Money she could not spare just then. But she begged herself of sundry old garments which hung up stairs, and felt sorely tempted.

"I know don't suppose of you trading with peddlers," she thought, "but these vases are so pretty! And I do want them so badly! I don't believe Charley will ever need those old duds any more, either."

The result was, that Susie agreed to show her old clothes. The peddler sat down upon his big pack, and began to whistle merrily, while she went up stairs to bring them down.

The merry whistle reached her ears all the time she was gone, and never stopped until she came down with the old coats and pants.

Then Mr. Peddler was all alive to making his bargain. He assured Susie that the vases were real Parian, and would cost her five dollars in any store, while he proposed to let her have them for half that price, and take his pack up his old clothes.

After a good bit of arguing on both sides the bargain was struck. Susie took the pretty vases and the peddler tucked Charley's clothes into his big pack, shouldered it, picked up his basket, and took a "new package."

Susie carried her treasures into the parlor, disposed of them in the most conspicuous place, stopped a little to admire them once more, and then hastened to get dinner. But it was already so late that, though she hurried as fast as she could, Charley came in just as she was beginning to set the table.

"Hallo, little woman, seems to you're begin the times to-day! Had callers?" was his greeting.

"Yes, I am a little late; I was hindered," answered Susie, "but I didn't have callers. That is not exactly. There was a china peddler here, and I made such a bargain, Charley! Just come into the parlor and see!"

Charley followed her, and inspected the vases with a comical smile.

"I'll bet you gave him all the clothes I had in the world for them," he said.

"Oh, Charley, indeed I didn't! Only two or three old coats which you would never wear again! And they are real Parian, for he said so! It was such a bargain!"

"Shouldn't wonder if it was! But come, little woman, let's have dinner, some time. You're tired and hurried—I'll set the table for you, shall I?"

"Yes, if you please. Here's the cloth."

Charley had helped Susie before when she had no girls, so he went about setting the table as handily as a woman. Presently he called out to her:

"I say, Susie, where are your spoons and forks?"

"Why, in their places, of course. Spoons in the holder, and forks and napkin-rings in the basket."

"Not as I can see," said Charley.

"But they must be!" insisted Susie. "I put them there this very morning."

"Come and see for yourself, then. Here's the holder, and here's the fork-basket, empty and forlorn."

"Why, Charley!" Susie came to the closet and looked in utter amazement, but Charley was gone.

"What do you keep your castor and cake-basket?" asked Charley.

"On the third—Oh, Charley! my goodness gracious! they're both gone!" And Susie sunk, pale and breathless, into a chair.

"Sure enough!" And Charley gave a long shrill whistle.

"Why, she's stolen, sure as gun!"

"Yes, if you please. Here's the cloth."

Charley had helped Susie before when she had no girls, so he went about setting the table as handily as a woman. Presently he called out to her:

"There was nobody else here?"

"Not a soul."

"And you have not been away from the house yourself?"

"Not a single moment."

"Oh! well, then, there's no use in looking any further for the thief. It was the peddler, of course. Though I hardly see how he could open and shut all